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Red Propaganda From Spain

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[Editor's Note. – *In the April number of* THE AMERICAN REVIEW, *we published an article by Mr. Douglas Jerrold on "The Issues in Spain", which he had written, in the first instance, for the English public. This article, especially written for the American public, deals with the conduct of the war in Spain and its bearing on the international situation.*]

IN AN earlier article, published in THE AMERICAN REVIEW under the title of "The Issues in Spain", I tried to explain the origin of the present conflict in Spain and the character of the forces engaged. I propose in this article to deal with the conduct of the war, and with its impact on the international situation. For the sake of clarity I shall deal only with the events of 1937. It is, I hold, very well established both that the war in its origins was not a revolt against the legal government of Spain, but a counter-revolution perilously long delayed, and that, in the early days of the Revolution, the territory now controlled by the Nationalists was the scene of appalling atrocities perpetrated by an armed minority of Communist revolu-

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tionaries on the civilian population. It is also well established that during the early months of the conflict the revolutionary junta under Señor Largo Caballero, although it seized the government machine, entirely failed to re-establish order in Madrid and the other towns under its control.

Such as doubt these facts I would refer to the documents regarding the 1936 Communist conspiracy printed in my previous article, to the three official reports of the Nationalist Government on the atrocities in Southern Spain, and (for an account of the happenings in Madrid) to the uncensored despatches of *The Times* correspondent in Madrid.* I would also refer the sceptical to the articles by Señor Alcala Zamorta (the founder of the Spanish Republic and its first President) in the *Journal de Genève* of January 17th** and the 13th February, 1937; and to that by Señor Alexander Lerroux, the veteran anti-monarchist Radical who was Prime Minister of Spain from 1934-1936, in *L'Illustration* of January 30th, 1937.***

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* The articles can be read in full in Mr. R. T. Dingle's pamphlet *Democracy in Spain*, published in London by Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne.

** "The Popular Front . . . did not secure a majority in Parliament. It managed, nevertheless, to obtain this majority by hurrying through two stages of procedure in defiance of all legality and with utter disregard of scruples." (*Journal de Genève*, January 17th, 1937.)

"The mob was incited to take steps against my family, members of which were arrested and paraded through some of the towns . . . a sorry example of anarchy." (*Journal de Genève*, February 1st, 1937.)

*** "I would like to make it plain that we are not in the presence of a military rising. The Army has not broken with discipline. It seeks to restore the discipline broken by anti-patriotic traitors and criminal anarchists. . . . When the Army took up arms it was already identified with the people; the people, without dis-

These two men are perhaps the most famous of the Spanish liberals whose hostility to the King led to the foundation of the Republic. Their character as liberal-progressives is unimpeachable. They both alike condemn the present Government of Valencia as wholly unconstitutional in its origins and tyrannical in its practice.

The case on all these matters is, indeed, overwhelming, but I wish to pass to the more present Spanish problems which threaten the peace of the world, and will in fact disrupt it fatally unless the English-speaking democracies can be brought to regard them in the correct light.

To set these problems dispassionately, let us forget the origins of the war. Let us accept, for argument's sake, the picture, so often presented to us, of two rival governments with roughly equal claims, disputing power. Let us forget the atrocities, the persecution, and the misgovernment of the year 1936. Let us even, if we will, make the fantastic and ridiculous assertion that the atrocities committed by the Communists in July and August, 1936, had their counterpart in other atrocities committed by the counter-revolutionaries at the same time. Let us pass on to January, 1937, and survey the situation as it was then.

From January 1st at the very latest absolutely normal conditions had been restored over more than half of Spain. One can meet in the city of London, in Fleet Street, in the House of Commons, and in the Club, scores of men and women of all shades of opinion, of all classes and professions, who have visited

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tinction of class or outlook, took its stand by the side of the army." (*L'Illustration*, January 30th, 1937.)

Nationalist Spain from January, 1937, onward. The matter is not in doubt. The shops are well stocked; living is cheap; the hotels are running smoothly; there are taxis on the street. There are no curfew and no police restriction. Americans who fought in the last war will remember the appearance of English towns near to the great military centers in 1918. Seville, Burgos, Vittoria, Salamanca, and Cadiz are just as orderly and as peaceful as that, but with fewer wartime restrictions. There is, for instance, no food-rationing and prices are lower, not higher, than before the war.

As for the villages, people express incredulity at the statement that the peasants and workmen, who reputedly voted for the Popular Front in 1936, can now be tolerant of General Franco's régime. The answer is two-fold. The votes cast for the Right, the Center, and the moderate Left-wing parties outnumbered those for the Socialist and Communist parties by three to one. It is thus doubtful if more than a small minority of these villagers were ever Communist or even Socialist. Since the Valencia Government is officially Socialist and actually Communist, there is no reason to expect it to be popular with these villagers. Secondly, every one of these villages has been the scene of a revolutionary outbreak in which villagers (including women) have been murdered, shops looted, and private property stolen. No one, regardless of his political convictions, likes this sort of thing. It had been going on intermittently for years before the war broke out. Now it has stopped.

On the other side of the front line, the conditions since January, 1937, are equally well known. People are dropping dead in the food queues in Madrid. The women and children of even the moderately well-to-do (or rather, those who once were so) have not for months ventured to walk in the streets. The employees of foreign banks, for instance, sleep on the premises, where they have brought their families. Even so, there are continual "disappearances". Executions have never stopped. It is unsafe for any Spaniard to wear a tie or a collar in most districts in Madrid. Since January at least five thousand people have been shot in Madrid alone. In Barcelona the streets have been running with blood. In Malaga people were starving when the town fell. Even in Valencia they are short of all essential foodstuffs. Money, in Government territory, is virtually useless; the machinery of business and commerce has ceased to function. As for liberty, not a single Catholic church is open in the territory of the Valencia and Barcelona governments.

These facts are admitted. What is the explanation of them? Remember first that these things are the reverse of what we should expect, if what we had been told were true. The legally constituted government of Spain must be so, if it is, because it was either the government in power when the Civil War broke out, or its normally chosen successor inheriting the normal machinery of government. The government offices were in Madrid; the Treasury and the gold reserves were in Madrid. The headquarters of the security services were in Madrid. The Mediterranean ports which supply Madrid were all, in January, in the hands of the Government, and except for Malaga, they are still. The military depôts and stores at Madrid and Barcelona were never out of the Government's control. The great manufacturing centers are in their territory. On the other hand, the Nationalist Government, whatever its moral credentials, is admittedly a new government. It has had to improvise every single department of state. It had no currency, no gold reserve, no civil service, and no machinery for the maintenance of public order.

And yet we find that it is the government which claims to descend in unbroken continuity from the pre-war government, which has all the normal machinery of government, of finance, of industry, and of the security services at its disposal, which has completely broken down; while it is the improvised government of Salamanca which is discharging its functions as smoothly and as easily as the State of New York. Again, it is in the territory controlled by the "liberals and progressives" that religious liberty has ceased to exist, while this liberty is absolute in the territory controlled by those whom their enemies call "Fascists". It is as if we woke one day to read that in London and New York people could not go to Church without the risk of being arrested or murdered, and that only in Germany and Russia was the state completely tolerant of the religious beliefs of its citizens. We should think we were mad if we read such a fantasy; yet that is what we are asked to accept as the truth in Spain.

Obviously there is something gravely wrong. Given the facts as reported to us, these consequences could not have ensued. Two clear facts thus emerge. Without the enthusiastic and voluntary cooperation of all classes of the community the Salamanca Government could not have created, in a few months, with a civil war on hand, the complete machinery of government which a modern state demands. On the other hand, the Valencia and Barcelona governments, whatever their legal claims, are either without the support of their citizens or they stand convicted of an incapacity for governing which is without parallel in the twentieth century. Nothing that has ever been *alleged* against the governments of Liberia, Haiti, or Abyssinia is as bad, or even a tenth as bad, as what is *proved* against these Spanish governments.

At least equally astonishing are the facts brought to light by an examination of the military situation. At the beginning of the year, General Franco's forces were only in the western suburbs of Madrid. To the northeast of the city, they held the northern slopes of the Guadarramas but not the passes. To the southeast, their lines ran back to Toledo (almost due southwest), thence back to Merida, and thence, turning sharply, southeast in front of Cordoba to a point on the coast beyond Algeciras but far short of Malaga. The features of this line were its length, and the two dangerous salients; the one created by the failure to take Madrid; the other forming a much broader and deeper re-entrant in General Franco's line which had its most westerly point at Merida. In addition, General Franco had to keep a wholly separate army to contend with the Separatist Basques and the Asturian revolutionaries, based on Bilbao, Santander, and Oviedo.

The military position, given anything like an equality of courage, of resolution, leadership, and supplies, was unfavorable to General Franco. The "legally constituted government" had, in addition to its governmental advantages, the supreme advantage of acting on interior lines.

At this point it is well to recall one cardinal principle of war. A salient is an immense advantage both in attack and in defense because troops can be moved within the salient to the threatened point four or five times as quickly as they can be moved around the outside of a salient to repel an attack or re-enforce an offensive movement. A salient constitutes, however, a latent threat to its defenders because of the ever-present danger of a "pincers" movement such as that with which General Foch began and concluded the Second Battle of the Marne in the summer of 1918. A salient therefore becomes a liability instead of an asset if the initiative is allowed to pass to the enemy.

Remembering this, let us consider again the question of man-power in Spain. The Nationalist territory contains a majority of the Spanish peoples. The most densely populated areas are, however, in the hands of the Valencian and Catalan governments. A far greater proportion of General Franco's potential man-power is in peasants who cannot be withdrawn from their land, since the Nationalist Government cannot afford to import food. Bearing this in mind, the necessities imposed on General Franco by his geographical position, and because of the need for a separate army on the Basque front to protect his communications, should have been fatally decisive. By January, the international brigades at Madrid were effective fighting forces. The first time it was even claimed by Valencia's propaganda department that any foreign volunteers were in action in General Franco's side was at Malaga in February. It was not till the beginning of March that the second Madrid offensive began, and even then the number of Italians in action was, at the very outside, 10,000 men. Moreover, the total length of General Franco's line – which, owing to the two re-entrants, has to be held more strongly than that of the enemy – is roughly the same as that of the line of the British, French, and American troops in France in 1918. This fact must be remembered in estimating the importance of the foreign volunteers at General Franco's disposal. The intervention of the International Brigade at Madrid in December, 1936, and again in March, 1937, was decisive, because this small but enthusiastic force of fanatical mercenaries, operating on interior lines, could be used to hold off the attacks of superior forces. The 10,000 Italians (if there were so many) included in General Franco's forces by February were, given his military situation as it then was, a very trifling addition to his strength, and their fighting quality was not first class.

General Franco had one advantage, and one only. He had the unquestioned loyalty of the Spanish Foreign Legion (which is, of course, a Spanish, not a foreign, force). But it is absurd, in estimating the political and moral qualities of the forces engaged, to write off the Spanish Terçio as an accidental and irrelevant, almost an unfair, advantage enjoyed by General Franco. There was no reason whatever why the officers and men of this magnificent force (which, however, is far smaller numerically than people imagine – there have never been as many as 20,000 Legionaries fighting in Spain) should have joined General Franco. They joined him because they wanted to join him. General Franco landed in Morocco in a

British airplane in July, 1936, in mufti, with no authority and no credentials. That he should have secured the immediate and unquestioned support of these men and enjoyed it ever since, despite the heavy sacrifices exacted from them in almost every engagement, is a tribute of a kind which no single leader on the other side has enjoyed.

What facts emerge from this rough résumé of the military situation as it was in January, 1937? First, that the criminal inefficiency displayed by the anti-nationalist governments in civil administration was at least equalled by their military inefficiency. Granted our acceptance of the view that these governments enjoy the confidence even of a majority of the peoples they profess to govern, their military record is so bad as to be almost incredible. Had there in fact been a "red" government or a "red" army, they must, unless we assume treachery, have taken the offensive by January at the latest. There are only two possible explanations of their failure to do so. Either they could not or they would not. Spain has for years had compulsory military service. The "red" governments had precisely the same facilities for forming an army and infinitely better facilities for equipping it and supplying it than General Franco enjoyed. They had more men to draw on. They needed far fewer to deal a crippling blow at their enemies. Instead they have done nothing beyond announcing eighteen times the capture of Huesca and twenty-six times the capture of Oviedo. Meanwhile they lost Malaga; they are losing Bilbao; they have lost control of the main road from Madrid to Valencia and of all their railway communications. Malaga was typical.

I motored along the coast road to Malaga only a few days after the town had fallen. I counted over fifty culverts and bridges which had been in "red" territory since the beginning of the civil war until General Queipo de Llano's advance. Not a single one had been destroyed. As at Madrid, there were natural defensive positions every two or three miles wherein a determined battalion or two could have held a division for a week. Actually the motorized column which advanced along the coast road was only two thousand strong. Less than fifteen thousand men were used in the whole operation. A third of that number could have held them up for weeks. Ten thousand men could have held up a force as small as that employed quite indefinitely. It was the same on the road to Madrid. There you can actually see lines of trenches half-dug in commanding positions. These trenches were occupied but never defended. The military policy of the different "red" governments is not a fighting policy. They are not attempting, because they cannot attempt, a military victory. Their weapon is propaganda; their objective, Anglo-French intervention on their side. That hope has now faded. Their present objective is mediation.

The chief purpose of this propaganda is to arouse public opinion in the neutral countries. If they had no hope of doing that, they would not, at this date, continue the war, since by now General Franco has a trained and enthusiastic army of nearly 500,000 men. Inefficient though Valencia is in all the proper tasks of government and war, its efficiency in propaganda is considerable. It is, in its methods, ruthless and pitiless. They bombed the British Embassy at Madrid with cool and cynical deliberation, sending an order to the anti-aircraft men not to fire and giving them permission to fire again as soon as the bomb had been dropped. Equally wicked and far more callous is the use the "red" governments make of their own civilian population to excite sympathy abroad. They fight only behind bricks and mortar, which means behind women and children, for they never evacuate the civil population from the villages as we and the Germans did in France in the war zone.

What is even more criminal, they deliberately plan a house-to-house defense in Madrid and Bilbao. In the war of 1914-18 the French never for a moment contemplated a house-to-house defense of Lille or Lens. Failing to hold position covering these towns, they fell back behind them. If the outer defenses of Paris had fallen, Paris, like Antwerp, would have been given up. The responsibility for the loss of civilian life which would have occurred if the English and Belgians had held Antwerp and forced the Germans to capture it by assault, would have been solely on the English and the Belgians. General Franco could blow Madrid to pieces today if he chose, and no government with the slightest sense of responsibility to its people is entitled to persist in a defense in such conditions. An army which cannot fight in the field and protect its civilian population from enemy action has no right to wage a war. To claim, when it retreats behind the bricks and mortar of its civilians, that it must for this reason be itself immune from attack is to add hypocrisy to cowardice. When in addition, as at Irun, at Eibar, and at Guernica, it deliberately fires the property and endangers the lives of its own subjects in order to provide the material for propaganda in neutral countries it is guilty in addition of treachery.

Guernica is nevertheless the greatest, if only because it is the one victory of the "red" government. The name has echoed around the world. Every count in the indictment against General Franco is a lie, but no matter. The "red" government got their story in first, and that, in the modern world where "anything goes", is enough. Let us, however, for the benefit of the curious and critical minority, recite a few of the facts of the case.

Firstly, Guernica is a strategic position of considerable importance. Secondly, it is the center of an important part of the Basque small-arms industry. Thirdly, by the official admission of the Mayor in his statement issued by the Bilbao Government and communicated to the press all over the world, Guernica was full of troops when it was bombed. Fourthly, Guernica was bombed in the proper course of the operations against Bilbao, but it was not bombed on the day that it was burnt, and it was burnt by the retreating Basque (or more probably by the Asturian) troops and not by the Nationalist forces.

Let us examine the evidence for these statements.

No evidence is required for the first two. The strategic importance of Guernica is obvious to any soldier who looks at the map. That it is surrounded by small arms factories is also a matter of established fact. The owners of these factories, incidentally, have for years been supplying arms to terrorists and other illegal organizations all over Europe and Asia. But what of the Dean of Valladolid who was in the town when it was burnt; of *The Times* correspondent who saw it bombed; of the two German airmen whose diaries with military conciseness contained the simple word Guernica against the required date?

As regards the Dean of Valladolid, the ecclesiastical authorities in Valladolid say that the priest in question is not the Dean. Nor is the case for his veracity improved by the discovery that he is the author of another account of the bombardment appearing under another signature and confirming that which appeared under his own name. *The Times* correspondent at Bilbao is also a less reliable witness than appeared at first, for he now states that he was eight and a half miles away from Guernica when he "saw" the airplanes and he was certainly in Bilbao when he wrote his dispatch. As to the Germans, we have no right whatever to accept the reports of their evidence, but there is no reason to doubt that they bombed Guernica on occasions. It had been bombed intermittently for several days before it was given up.

On the other side, the evidence is, as near as may be, conclusive. The correspondents of the Havas agency, of *The Times*, and of several other newspapers have affirmed positively that most of the damage which they saw was wrought not by bombing but by deliberate destruction by fires from the ground. The statements are explicit. There were only a few bomb holes, and the walls of the houses in the quarter most completely destroyed bear no marks of bomb splinters. Nor can the damage done by a bomb and that done by dynamiters and incendiaries be confused by any competent observer.

In view of the attitude of *The Times* correspondent in Bilbao, the testimony of their correspondent with the Nationalist forces, who, unlike his colleague, visited Guernica after the destruction, is to any intelligent person conclusive, once we remember the question, which is not, "Was Guernica bombed?" but, "By whom was Guernica burnt?"

And yet, without this testimony from *The Times* correspondent and other neutral journalists, I should feel justified in denying the charge of wanton destruction for quite different reasons. Firstly, I have seen the destruction at Irun, which was admittedly wrought by the same army, under the same leadership, as that which was defending Guernica: a complete street – the principal street of the town – systematically destroyed, house by house, with only the walls left standing, and the interiors completely gutted by fire. A rain of bombs might, in loose journalistic parlance, "destroy" a whole street in a town, but it would not destroy it *in that way*. At Guernica, as at Irun, there is hardly a mark in the street. A "rain of bombs" would fall as often in the streets as on the houses and gardens and must leave traces which could not possibly be obliterated. The roadway would be destroyed; the flowers would be withered. Secondly, people who talk about destruction from the air have no idea of the local effect of a bomb. I have seen, at Malaga and elsewhere, the effect of bombs on a score of houses. A bomb falling from a height will tear its way through a house and explode, leaving half the house standing. That part of the house which it hits, however, will be totally destroyed; the burst will be outward as well as upward and the outside walls will never be left intact. To destroy an entire small town, however, as part of Irun was destroyed, not hundreds but thousands of bombs would be required. The resources for such wholesale destruction are entirely lacking to either side in this war. Apart altogether from the question of expediency, such destruction would mean using a month's supply of ammunition for General Franco's entire army, and denuding all fronts of air protection to indulge in an orgy of lunatic folly.

And again, Eibar was also, and admittedly, burnt. It was never suggested by Bilbao that it had even been severely bombed till two days after the Guernica story had shocked the world. Yet eye-witnesses report that the damage at Eibar is of precisely the same kind as that at Guernica.

Finally, the question can be cynically determined by reference to that old question "*cui bono?*" When the alleged destruction of Guernica took place it was in process of being evacuated; an advance had taken place on all fronts and nothing could have saved the town. General Franco had nothing whatever to gain by destroying it. The Basque government, if they could get their story accepted, had everything to gain. The "incident" would stiffen the resistance of the Catholic Basques. It would influence neutral opinion; strengthen the attitude of the British government in regard to the blockade of Bilbao and possibly even lead to its abandonment.

What English and American newspapers (and their readers) will not understand is that propaganda is, to the "red" government of Spain, an essential and normal instrument of war. Just after Guernica a Nationalist battleship struck a mine off Bilbao and its crew were taken off by a Nationalist destroyer. The Nationalists contented themselves with announcing the loss of the battleship thirty-six hours later. The Valencia Government (or the Bilbao government), within an hour, invented a circumstantial story. The battleship had been attacked by airplanes, and after four direct hits, had been abandoned by the officers, who left the crew to drown. These had been rescued by Basque fishermen, whose horror at the cowardly conduct of the Spanish officers had heightened the determination of the Bilbao forces to resist until the last. This story appeared in all the English and in many American newspapers. It would still be getting quoted on revolutionary platforms as an instance of the skill and gallantry of the "reds" and the heartless cowardice of their enemies, but for the chance that an English merchant ship witnessed the whole incident and reported it to an English newspaper. It was pure chance that a neutral observer was present to scotch this particular lie.

This example is only one in an unbroken series of deliberately invented fictions which have been foisted on the English and American public. The "massacre" of Badajoz was announced to the American public under the signature of Mr. N. Reynolds Packard, the admirable correspondent of the United Press. He had never been to Badajos, where no massacre had taken place. His detailed description was telegraphed all over the world in perfect good faith, and not till January 28, 1937, was the authenticity of this story denied by Mr. Webb Miller, the European news manager of the United Press, in a letter to *The Manchester Guardian*. I myself saw an account of the "massacre" in a French paper two days before Badajoz fell!

A friend of mine, with long experience of war and military intelligence work, visited General Franco last week, and the last words General Franco said to him were: "You *must* go and see Eibar, Guernica, and Durango. You will see the difference between Durango, where the destruction was the work of aerial bombs, and Eibar and Guernica, where it was the work of dynamiters and incendiaries." My friend did as he was requested, and has since had the opportunity of telling what he saw to members of the British House of Commons. But the world still believes the original Guernica story.

Is this to the world's good? Does it not rather confront the world with a new problem – the problem of dealing with propaganda circulated as news? The Guernica story was invented to stimulate ill-will between the democratic and the fascist states. It had no other *raison d'être* whatever. It was accepted in perfect good faith by journalists in Bilbao, who knew that Guernica was often bombed; who had heard firing in the neighborhood on the day of the incident, who heard the explosions (of the land mines), and saw the flames and the smoke. By the time other journalists got into Guernica itself, it was too late. No denials, in England at any rate, have carried the slightest weight. Now, great publicity is being given to an entirely new fiction – the supposed threat of General Mola to destroy Bilbao when he enters it.

International law provides for the protection of neutrals from the act of belligerents according to the old style. It contains no provisions for their protection against propaganda. The governments of the world will have to face this omission. If democracy, which, in the last resort, is government by public opinion, is to survive, the sources of public opinion must be kept free from contamination. If the non-intervention committee were to charge itself with issuing, after the necessary interval for verification, an agreed news bulletin to the world's press, and if the Great Powers imposed on their own newspapers an embargo on the publication of all news until the official bulletin had been issued, they would do more to preserve the world's peace than they would in any other way. They would in fact bring this particular war to an end, because the "red" governments are fighting solely in the hope of foreign intervention on their side, or in the hope of a European war in which the victory of France, England, and Russia would carry with it a victory for communism in Spain.

Perhaps the world is by now forewarned of the nature of the news it receives, and will continue to receive, from Valencia. I, however, greatly doubt it. In any case, in the hope that the world is still willing to be fooled, vast sacrifices are going to be imposed by the governments of Bilbao and Valencia on the suffering people of Bilbao and Madrid. Is the desperate and deplorable necessity to carry one of these places by assault to be forced upon General Franco? Even this is possible.

Given a war conducted according to orthodox methods, the victory of the Nationalists is now certain. They should, had the Valencian government been a government and had it enjoyed the support of its alleged nationals, have lost the war in January of this year. It speaks volumes for the brilliant success of Madrid's propaganda that English and American public men repeatedly say the exact opposite. Franco, they say, should have won long ago. Now he is losing ground. This is because they accept the story invented by Madrid of the revolt of a large professional army against an unarmed government. Actually, the Spanish military depôts had been deliberately emptied of soldiers before the civil war broke out. In the first weeks, the Madrid government (as it then was) had command of the sea, and in any case they had more than half of the Spanish army reservists at their disposal. These facts, given their control of the Mediterranean seaboard and the industrial regions, and their immense geographical advantages, should have been decisive. General Franco's army is a volunteer army. In the assault on Bilbao, over seventy-five per cent of the troops employed are Spanish volunteers and of these nearly half are Basques. The volunteer army is by now thoroughly organized and is brilliantly led. The "red" armies cannot, on the contrary, fight in the open. Every victory reported for months past has been fictitious, and most fictitious of all was the "second Caporetto" in front of Guadalajara. This series of engagements won for the Nationalists nearly three thousand square kilometers of territory of the utmost strategic importance. Less than twenty miles now separate the northern and southern armies around Madrid. When they meet, the war is over, and they will meet within six weeks of the fall of Bilbao, unless General Franco decides to secure the whole Atlantic seaboard before making his final advance.

Does it matter to America or to England whether Franco wins or no? The answer to this question at least is easy. The future of civilization in Europe depends absolutely and without qualification on the victory of the Nationalist forces. The defeat of these forces would mean the installation of armed and militant communism on the borders of France. This would almost certainly mean, in the long or the short run, a civil war in France, and, in the general collapse of security which would ensue, a European war could not be avoided. The only other possibility would be a bloodless victory of the extreme French Left. In either case the shock to world recovery would be mortal. There is no régime in Europe and Asia so secure that it could stand another world-wide economic collapse. The men who are controlling the Valencian government are neither liberal parliamentarians nor amiable nincompoops.

Five years ago I was dining with some friends in a fashionable restaurant in Madrid when a party of men walked through to a table reserved for them in an alcove at the end of the room. I noted that they attracted some attention, not of a very friendly nature. The Republic had by then been established sufficiently long for every honest man in Madrid to be very poor. We, like everyone else in the restaurant, were drinking beer or water. After lunch, in my honor, my host insisted on the luxury of some Spanish brandy. At the same time, he sent for the head-waiter and asked him what the party at the table in the alcove were drinking. "Champagne, port, and French liqueur brandy," was the answer. I asked my host why he was so curious. He took out his visiting card and wrote on it the date. (I have this card still.) Then he said: "I am going to write on this card the names of the men at that table. They intend to seize control of Spain and then they will proceed to destroy Spain. They are little known today, but you in England, just as much as we, will have to reckon with them." The first three names on this card, which is before me, are Negrin, Prieto, and los Rios, the triumvirate who have upset Caballero and now seek to impose their revolutionary wills on Western Europe.

My host of that day escaped from Madrid on a forged passport supplied by a foreign Embassy. Everyone else who entertained me in Madrid on that visit is dead. Murdered by the friends of the men whose names were written down for me four years ago, the men who claim to represent the causes of liberty and freedom and democracy. *Credeat Judaeus.*

People who write, often from the best motives, in favor of mediation forget that there is nothing about which to mediate. Either the anarchist and revolutionary politicians who have drenched Spain in blood and tears will continue to govern Spain or they will retire from the political arena. Quite obviously a coalition government of revolutionary anarchists and the Catholic Right is impossible, and without exception the liberal politicians of eminence and experience – such men, for instance, as Zamora, Lerroux, Madariaga, and Marañon, to name only four well known in England and America – are backing General Franco and have made public confession of their inability – already proved by the facts of history – to control the so-called progressive forces with whose help they had hoped to build a new democratic, secularized, and liberal Spain on the model of the French Third Republic. Such an ambition may seem to have been a peculiar one, and such a régime would probably not have lasted, even had it been possible to establish it in 1931. But the impossibility of establishing it today is not only proved, but admitted. There is nothing left in the circumstances, if Spain is to survive, if order is to return to Europe, but a victory of the Nationalist forces. If the English-speaking democracies do anything to hinder or prevent this victory they will have a very heavy penalty to pay in years not far distant.

Gulliver With Hay Fever

DONALD DAVIDSON

THE boy Wordsworth, we are told, at times became so absorbed in transcendental imaginings that he had to clutch at a wall or a tree in order to recall himself to reality. Such is the effect, though descendental rather than transcendental, of Dr. John Dollard's *Caste and Class in a Southern Town** upon a reader who has spent most of his life in one version or another of Southerntown: he needs something to clutch. Familiar things have suddenly taken on a pasty, unreal complexion. The world has assumed a dizzy effervescence, like the nauseous boiling stir of termites under a lifted plank. Still worse, the perspective has altered sickeningly. All that was big has become little. All that was little has swelled up fantastically. It is a relief to hear a clatter of pans in the kitchen, and then a low broken mumbling sound. That is Chloe, the cook, talking to herself as she gets supper. An image of God cut in ebony, no doubt, and what would we ever do without her? But Chloe will go on talking to herself, and clattering pans – yes, and mysteriously knocking holes in them, and somehow twisting the patent garbage pail so that it won't shut automatically any more. It is a comfort to think of Chloe as reality and of Dr. Dollard's story of caste and class as something, after all, still inside a book, and not walking – not yet walking – uncannily about the earth.

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* CASTE AND CLASS IN A SOUTHERN TOWN *by John Dollard* (YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS. 502 pp. $3.50).

It is the perspective that does it. And it is not merely the usual perspective of sociology. Dr. Dollard utilizes the trick that Jonathan Swift discovered over two centuries ago. Swift reduced his Lemuel Gulliver to the simple function of explorer and equipped him, in the two most famous voyages, with a perspective founded on size alone. The results are astonishing, whether *Gulliver's Travels* be taken as a marvellous tale for children, or as a satire, or as, perhaps, the first sociological survey in history.

But there is an important difference between Swift and Dollard. Gulliver's perspective works two ways. You are never absolutely sure whether it is Gulliver that is being measured by it, or the people he visits. Dr. Dollard's perspective works only one way. The grand assumption is that Southerntown is abnormal and queer – otherwise he would not be investigating it. He, the sociologist, is not queer, and sociology is not queer. And what is queer about Southerntown? There are two races in it, white and black, that live together and yet are separate in certain fundamental relationships. The white race keep themselves apart in a superior position, and they see to it, if there is any question, that the black race are kept apart in an inferior position. This bi-racial arrangement is firmly established. It works under a code, for the most part unwritten, which is rarely challenged or broken. But despite the fact that all this is very familiar, and has been fairly well accepted as a *modus vivendi* for some centuries, along comes Dr. Dollard with his perspective to prove that things are not what they seem. His perspective is founded on the broad assumption that race, color, and, presumably, previous condition of servitude have nothing at all to do with the situation.

It is a little hard for a Southerntowner to get Dr. Dollard's notion straight in his head, but I shall do my best to state what I gather he means. It seems to be something like this. There is no such thing as race. The blackness, or color, of Negroes is not important. The whiteness of the whites is not important (though the whiteness of "poor whites" has something peculiarly miserable about it). No, all are simply human beings, who ought to have Human Relations, including the biological. (Dr. Dollard is Research Associate in Sociology at the Institute of Human Relations, Yale University.) And since, all the wide world over, the Romans mixed with the Celts, the Greeks with the Persians, the Japanese with the Hawaiians, the Spaniards with the Indians, so the Southern whites should mix with the Negroes. Only, the Southern whites confound the rules and regulations by not mixing, and not welcoming equality. Since difference of race and of racial history is not to be considered a factor, Dr. Dollard looks for another explanation of this non-mixing inequality. "Caste and class" is the explanation. The whole thing is, he says, an enormous conspiracy of the dominant whites to keep themselves in the relative position they enjoyed when the whites were masters and the Negroes were slaves. White society, we must understand, is organized around a fiction which establishes whites as the superior caste and Negroes as the inferior caste. The class system, which is such a blessing elsewhere, is not permitted to develop, except within caste lines; and caste takes the place of class.

What makes *Caste and Class in a Southern Town* seem, to a Southerner, like a sociological *Gulliver's Travels*, is Dr. Dollard's insistence that the race problem is not a race problem, but simply a problem in Human Relations, to be studied in the light of the rationalizations and accommodations that are discovered through his astonishing instrument of perspective. It really makes an enormous and startling difference when you look at Southerntown through spectacles that eliminate color. The tale becomes a tale of marvels, and but for the disagreeable, not to say revolting, distortions produced by the trick of perspective, one could think himself skipping about, with the ancient geographers, in the realm of the anthropophagi, the Hyperboreans, and the one-eyed king of the Laestrygonians.

> In order to share the shock of contact with a strange situation [writes Dr. Dollard], I should like to wipe my vision clean of the effect of wont and habit and to see Southerntown again afresh as I first visited it. . . . Southerntown is bisected by a railroad, and its tracks divide people according to color, the whites living on one side and the Negroes on the other.

There is your modern Gulliver arriving. But we must note why he came. He started out, he tells us, with the modest purpose of collecting a few Negro life histories and learning "something about the manner in which the Negro person grows up". But he could not collect Negro histories as a geologist picks up fossils. The histories were not to be disentangled from the peculiar situation.

> The lives of white and Negro people are so dynamically joined and fixed in one system that neither can be understood without the other. This insight put an end to the plan of collecting Negro histories in a social void. . . . This observation came as a very unwelcome perception since it necessitated getting a perspective on the community and the county, and informing myself incidentally on many remote matters.

The naïveté of this statement almost turns it into parody. Yet we should not confuse the "perspective" mentioned here with the general sociological perspective, which remained essentially unchanged. All that this statement means is that, as Gulliver discovered his own size, so Dr. Dollard discovered that he was a Northerner, and, furthermore, a "Yankee" (he had never thought of it before!), and that he could not get anywhere at all by behaving in a merely technical capacity as a sociologist. The white people, it is true, "displayed an immediate courtesy unfamiliar to a Northerner", but their amiability often changed to guarded suspicion or open hostility when the purpose of his visit was revealed. He had to overcome this inconvenience by conforming, or pretending to conform, to the local mores, and by pleading immunity, on the score of ignorance, for any errors he might commit. His procedure was as follows:

> I put into immediate circulation an exact account of what I wished to do. . . . I added that I was acting in the situation as a scientist and not merely as a member of white society, and that my contacts with local Negroes would always be based upon my scientific interest. . . . I let it be known also that I was not accustomed to the Southern way of treating Negroes, that my ways were

different, and that I did not expect people to be altogether satisfied with my actions. I asked on this score, however, the indulgence usually accorded to the stranger.

Apparently he received this indulgence, but he confesses, nevertheless, to experiencing again and again an eerie thrill, a sense of some quiet surveillance in the air about him that might, on occasion, become an actual threat.

Perhaps this only made his exploration more romantic, since after all he was not at any time put in peril. But he had a serious shock when it was brought home to him by somebody described as "a well-known Southern writer" that he, the sociologist, might not be judicial, but actually and quite unscientifically prejudiced. After being thus roundly chided, he went back home and looked at some of his early notes. To his chagrin, he found in them passages like the following:

> These white people down here are very charming and really exert themselves to do friendly things once you are accepted, but they seem very much like the psychotics one sometimes meets in a mental hospital. They are sane and charming except on one point, and on this point they are wholly unreliable. One has exactly the sense of a whole society with a psychotic spot, an irrational, heavily protected sore, through which all manner of venomous hatreds and irrational lusts may pour, and—you are eternally striking against this spot.

Pondering this passage, Dr. Dollard reconsidered and discovered that he was not a mere student of society, but a decidedly Northern student of Southern society, with an abolitionist tradition behind him and a deep-hidden, fairly triumphant feeling that "the right" had been upheld in what he now learned to call "the War between the States". Beyond that, he had a "strong feeling for the underdog", and a tendency to attribute to Negroes the feelings that he, a member of the middle class, would have if he were placed in their position. Once he had thus psychoanalyzed himself, he felt much better, and went about his work with a determination to allow for his bias in his studies, and to warn other Northerners that they, too, might be liable to similar errors.

This recognition of bias, however laudable in Dr. Dollard, did not dislodge him from his major purpose of studying the race problem as if it were not a race problem. It therefore makes little appreciable difference in the general argument of his book. I do not know how to convey the curious effect of his thesis upon his description of the Southern scene. It is something like what I imagine a description of the American scene would be if it had been given, let us say about 1927, by some young Russian who had been brought up to think Marxian socialism of the Soviet model the only human and tenable form of life, and who was suddenly confronted with an operating capitalist system in tolerably good working order, with some capitalists actually personable and generous and many workers obviously content to live on the fat of the land. Such a young Russian would undoubtedly speak of "defense mechanisms", "accommodations", hidden "aggressions", and economic and sexual "gains". That is what Dr. Dollard does. The general effect is weird.

In Southerntown, he says, we have "no racial soul or genius defending its heritage", but a "moral and status order in operation", in which caste replaces slavery as a means of keeping racial animosity at a minimum. The white people compose the upper caste; the black, or colored, people, the lower caste. So far as he can tell, the caste distinction rests wholly upon "biological features". Here are the terms in which Dr. Dollard describes the most significant and least changeable feature of white supremacy:

> A union of members of the two castes may not have a legitimate child. All such children are members of the lower caste. . . . Caste in Southerntown is also a categorical barrier to sexual congress between upper-caste women and lower-caste men, within or without the married state.

Before going on with the discussion it is necessary to note that Dr. Dollard gives some credit, here and there, to the Southern contention that miscegenation, if it occurs, is a steadily diminishing and perhaps negligible factor in the situation. He might have added that it never was as widespread or important as some writers have claimed, since the great and overwhelmingly obvious fact about the white "caste" or race in the South is that it has remained white, and that the Negroes, who were by no means uniformly black as tar when they came to American shores, have remained irredeemably Negroes. But this is not a matter that interests Dr. Dollard very much. After his extraordinary attempt to describe the biological mores of the bi-racial society, he goes on in a way that shows that his intention is not to describe a fact, even in scientific terms, but to attack the bi-racial system itself, by setting it in unfavorable contrast with the enlightenment of other regions.

> It is necessary to remind ourselves [he writes] that American democratic mores are set in quite another current. They do not recognize barriers to legitimate descent or preferential rights to sex relationships. Democratic society guarantees equal opportunity to enjoy whatever goods and services society has to offer; there are no arbitrary limitations based on race or color.

If this statement means what it says, Dr. Dollard thinks, with approval, that a Negro may pay court to a white woman at any social level in any part of the United States except in that peculiar region, the South; and that he may do so not only with the technical permission of the law, but also with the "guarantee" of the mores of the society that he shall receive "equal opportunity". It is unnecessary to comment upon this idea of Dr. Dollard's, except to point out its bearing upon his competence as a seeker after truth.

As a sidelight on Dr. Dollard's competence, it might be instructive to note what he has to say on another delicate matter. In discussing "defensive beliefs" of the white people he says:

> Among beliefs which profess to show that Negro and white people cannot intimately participate in the same situation is the perennial one that Negroes have a smell extremely disagreeable to white people. . . . A local white informant said that Negroes smell, even the cleanest of them. . . . It was asserted to be as true of middle-class Negroes as of any others, at least upon occasion. Another informant swore that Negroes have such a strong odor that sometimes white people can hardly stand it. . . . White people generally regard this as crushing proof of the impossibility of close association between the races. I can give only my own testimony on this point. What I smell mostly among Negroes is per-

fume. . . . While Negroes, especially sweating Negroes and manual laborers, do have a strong odor, I cannot detect a categorical difference between it and the body odors of white people.

So reads the text. But there is also a footnote, which gives us considerable insight into Dr. Dollard's olfactory competence. The footnote reads: "I am forced in fairness to confess a personal detail, namely, that I had bad hay fever during a large part of my research residence in Southerntown."

Since Dr. Dollard has thus magnanimously recused himself, I shall forbear discoursing on the subject of smells, though it is a temptation to say something about the fact that Negroes are said to dislike the characteristic white smell as much as white people dislike the Negro smell. I could cite, too, the lamentable case of Sophronisba, an industrious Negro girl who cannot be permitted to wait on table, and perhaps is debarred from any regular employment among white people, because of an extraordinary circumambient muskiness which even cheap perfume cannot conceal for more than thirty minutes. As soon as you enter the front door, your nose tells you with an emphasis not to be denied that Sophronisba has come to work and is in the back of the house. But Chloe, on the other hand, does not smell. That is one of the reasons why she gets regular work, while Sophronisba, unfortunate creature, is called in only for extra, emergency labor. How I wish I could be sure that the olfactory notice of Sophronisba's presence is only an illusion produced by the operation of my defense mechanism! Then it would be possible to have company for dinner on the day when we have extra help.

But as matters stand, no invitations can be issued, except to persons with hay fever, and they are not always easy to discover in the circle of one's Southern friends.

Thus the argument goes, throughout Dr. Dollard's enormous book. One can hardly keep a straight face long enough to get angry. One is so filled with astonishment at the ingenious and ludicrous applications of the Dollardian perspective that it hardly seems worth the trouble to call his fictions lies. Dr. Dollard stands so goggle-eyed and thunderstruck before the simplest manifestation of the bi-racial system that one almost feels sorry for him. I do feel sorry for him except at those moments, frequent enough in the book, when it is possible to sense, behind his tortured explanations of the obvious, the triumphant satisfaction of the alien visitor who is discovering that in this strange country things are just as bad as he had always believed them to be, if not worse.

Everything that goes on in Southerntown is, in this account, either a white rationalization of the white man's alleged selfish desire to profit himself by "keeping the Negro in his place", or else a Negro "accommodation" to a social situation which the Negro cannot change, except as he may cause intervention from the outside, through books like Dr. Dollard's. Thus, in the chapters on "economic gain" and "prestige gain" we have little more than an extended account, in detailed sociological terms, of the old abolitionist caricature of a universally lazy, lounging, snooty white people who ungenerously prey upon and oppress their black brothers. There are some modern emendations, of the sort to be found in Arthur Raper's studies, and Dr. Dollard seems sufficiently aware of the general economic situation to say: "No Northerner should point with scorn at the bad state of the Negroes in this area; he cannot be too sure that a part of his income is not derived from their work." But over against this bit of sense we must put a passage which exemplifies fairly well how Dr. Dollard's perspective figures in discussing what he calls "prestige gain".

> In the North a man may have a prestige position because he has money, or is learned, or is old; the novelty in the South is that one has prestige solely because one is white. The gain here is very simple. It consists in the fact that a member of the white caste has an automatic right to demand forms of behavior from Negroes which serve to increase his own self-esteem. . . . It consists of an illumination of the image of the self, an expansive feeling of being something special and valuable. It might be compared to the illusion of greatness that comes with early stages of alcoholization, except that prestige is not an illusion but a steadily repeated fact.

If a Southerner should for the moment accept Dr. Dollard's terms of discussion, he might well ask whether the rationalization involved is all on the Southern side. He might, for instance, point out that the Northerner's "objectivity" on the race problem is a rationalization of the very convenient and practical process by which, through war and emancipation, Connecticut, say, eliminated the economic competition of South Carolina. This line of argument might compel us to view the Yale Institute of Human Relations, which supports Dr. Dollard, as one of the rationalizations by which Yale excuses the exploitative economy that provides it with a large endowment and keeps the University of South Carolina relatively poor. And, if alcohol is to furnish the metaphor, isn't it true that the more money and power you have, the drunker you can get?

But the really outrageous and ominous parts of Dr. Dollard's study are in the chapter entitled "The Sexual Gain" and in other places where he attempts, by reasons other than racial, to account for the white South's refusal to amalgamate with the Negro race. In discussing the mixture of races Dr. Dollard is by his own admission outside the realm of authenticated fact. He has no reliable statistics on miscegenation, nor can he obtain any. All that he has to go on is the undenied fact that, especially at lower levels, there is a probably very limited amount of miscegenation of white men with Negro or mulatto women. But beyond that there is the obvious fact that intermarriage between the races is forbidden by state laws in the South; that almost no white men openly cross the line between races, and cannot do so, even surreptitiously, without risking severe social disapproval; that a child of mixed blood in the South is always a Negro, no matter how slight the proportion of Negro blood; and that, above all, white women never consort with Negro men, and that the penalty of an approach by a Negro man to a white woman is swift, inexorable, and extreme. Such facts as these are well known. In the Southern view they represent the traditional will of white society to preserve its racial integrity. Southern dissent to this view is so slight as to be negligible. Even those Southern liberals who go so far as to advocate greater economic and political privileges for the Negro do not dare, and probably do not wish, to challenge the bi-racial sexual code. They generally argue that their proposals for a greater measure of economic and political privilege do not by any means impugn the well-established notion of separateness. The subject is not one that, to the Southern view, is open to any discussion whatever.

Dr. Dollard, who might well have paid some attention to the sociological fact of this strong and effective tradition, nevertheless attempts to discover in it only another fiction by which the white "caste" rationalizes its superior position. Giving no credit whatever to the folk will to preserve racial integrity, he accuses the white men of maintaining the pretense of white integrity in order that they may have double privileges: to use his words, "white men, by virtue [Is the word used ironically?] of their caste have access to two classes of women, those of the white and Negro castes". If miscegenation were the rule and not the exception in Southern society, we might pay attention to Dr. Dollard's extraordinary explanation. As applied to the actual situation it is fantastic and insulting.

But that is not all. Dr. Dollard goes on to build up his case in Freudian terms. His statements are at times so revolting and obscene that they could hardly be reprinted here, since this is not a medical or professional journal. But I suppose I can mention Dr. Dollard's theory that the "sexual gain" of the white men involves a privilege of abandon not permitted in more decent relations; and that the "gain" for the Negro woman consists in the temporary rise in her status, and, beyond that, in a kind of revenge motive: she yields to the white man out of spite against the white race. Furthermore, Dr. Dollard suggests that she represents to the white man a kind of black bacchante, to be set in sharp contrast to the idealized, but frigid and china-doll-like "image" of the white woman, who meekly acquiesces in the infidelity of the white man because he "protects" her. "It seems possible," writes Dr. Dollard, "that the image of the white woman is in part conserved against sexual thoughts and allusions, whereas the Negro woman tends to draw the full burden of the unsublimated sexual feeling."

I have encountered ideas somewhat like these before, in the works of such white writers as Waldo Frank and of such Negro writers as W. E. B. DuBois and J. W. Johnson, whom Dr. Dollard has undoubtedly read. But he still has to explain why the white woman does not indulge herself as he represents the white man as doing. I will not repeat the details of the foul and wicked invention which serves Dr. Dollard for a scientific explanation. In general, he represents the white women of the South as docile creatures, composing one branch, so to speak, of the white man's harem; but he pictures these docile creatures as having a strong, subconscious attraction toward Negro men, and hence they must be watched and "protected".

> If this theory could be accepted [says Dr. Dollard], it would throw much light on the conviction of Negro guilt which inevitably appears among white men whenever a rape charge is raised. It is easier to assume aggression by Negro men than to face the unpleasant possibility that the white man does not occupy the sole focus of sexual attention for white women.

There is much more along this line, but with this supreme bit of detraction disguised as scientific observation I think the stopping point of exposition is reached. Again, I am inclined to believe that merely to indicate the outline of Dr. Dollard's obscene and defamatory caricature, which is by implication as derogatory of Negro as of white, is enough to demonstrate its gross absurdity. If the book were only an obscure scientific monograph, it would call for no discussion by the layman. But it is a pretentious book, which undoubtedly bids for something more than a professional audience. If we may judge by the past, its findings are likely to be put to use in the next wave of social reform directed at the South. Are the great research funds that once were devoted to such understandable and worthy projects as the attack on yellow fever and hookworm now to be extended to the eradication of the so-called "psychoses" of the Southern mind? The prospect is most forbidding. The Southerner who reads Dr. Dollard's book is compelled to feel that he has not much more chance for a fair hearing before this particular variety of social scientist than he had before the old-time abolitionist. He is impeached and found guilty before he can even begin to state his case. If he can be convicted in no other way, he will be convicted on evidence procured from the sewers of Freudian psychology, and every protest that he makes will be taken only as a further demonstration of the theory of evidence under which he is being condemned.

What then can the Southerner do? One way, of course, which has been popular with liberals in the South, is to compromise the case, and profess to be just as "realistic" and "unprejudiced" as the prosecuting attorney. Such liberals grant, as I have previously indicated, that "race prejudice" may, practically speaking, be eliminated in the economic and political field, and even, at the higher level, in a limited number of social relations; and they hold that this may be done without going on to complete equality and, finally, racial amalgamation. But this position is as untenable and dangerous practically as it is obnoxious to the great majority of Southerners. The liberals betray the Negro by making promises that they cannot fulfill; and they deceive themselves and their followers by arguing that it is possible to extend some privileges without encouraging a demand for all privileges. The total effect of the liberal compromise is to increase racial tension rather than to diminish it, and to bring nearer the time and occasion for a serious clash. But Dr. Dollard's book, bad as it is, is in many ways a powerful testimony that Southern solidarity on the race problem is still virtually unshaken. Probably the liberal compromise is only a superficial phenomenon, which will shatter if put to a severe test. It has importance only as it blends into and prepares the way for the thoroughgoing Communist policy of full equality and no compromise.

Another way of meeting Dr. Dollard – and this is the way of most Southerners – is simply to stand by with almost Chinese patience and good humor, to entertain the Northern investigator as Dr. Dollard was entertained (even though with the well-grounded suspicion that he will go back home and vilify his hosts), and then to go on as before, on the assumption that what the North could not achieve by its armies it will not achieve without armies. This procedure is made more confident by the rumor abroad in the land that the North itself has become somewhat Southern-minded on the race problem as the number of its Negro residents has increased.

A Southerner of this persuasion tells himself that the race problem will not be solved by writing books. The status of the Negro may or may not represent an injustice, but it is a status which is well established and well understood. That status is based first of all, and most importantly, upon the fact that the Negro is a Negro and not a white man; and second, upon the fact that the Negro is a descendant, often no more than one or two generations removed, of a slave brought from Africa;* and that when this Negro was hastily emancipated, under circumstances of most unpleasant memory, he was left on the South's hands as an insoluble problem, in a hopelessly artificial relationship to the white society that he had entered as a slave. This South knows very well that it derives some advantage, chiefly in agricultural and domestic employments, from the Negro's presence. It also knows that the Negro is an economic liability in many ways, and a burden which taxes painfully the South's slim resources. Under such circumstances this South holds that it has done as generously by the Negro as could be expected, especially when you consider that he is a potential whip that the North can always use upon the Southern states: the humanitarian cause behind which sectional aggrandizement may operate. This South rather likes the Negro than dislikes him; at any rate it is used to him, values him for reasons not always selfish, and wishes him no harm. It would be glad to see him have better housing and more money, if such things can be had without impoverishing the already insecure white South.

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* Dr. Dollard mentions one recent case in which a Negro killed a white man and his wife and ate portions of their bodies. Such atavism, however, is so uncommon as not to be worth noticing. The South does not think of Negroes as cannibals, even though it knows that large numbers of Negroes are a century or less removed from savage life.

But – and on this point the South is unrelenting and in all likelihood immovable – it will not support a program of improvement that implies a change of status; in particular, any equality that implies race amalgamation. This South knows, if Dr. Dollard does not, that no major change in Negro status can be achieved except at the expense of the white race. The considerable elevation of the Negro can only mean the degradation of the whites. The white South does not wish to make this sacrifice. It is a simple matter of self-preservation, about which there can be no argument. The white South prefers to remain white, and that is all there is to it. "Defense mechanisms" such as Dr. Dollard describes may well arise, but they are of little importance in comparison with the pride of race and of tradition that brings an instinctive, often a violent reaction to any overt challenge to the *status quo*. This South cannot believe that the white North would destroy the white South in order to secure a doubtful advance for the Negroes. And therefore, holding on with passive assurance, it may take the Dr. Dollards of this world just a little too lightly.

A third view, which does not take the Dr. Dollards lightly, might not only affirm the general Southern position, but also attack *Caste and Class in a Southern Town* as an example of faulty science, or of faulty application of science. This view would hold that the book is based on a wrong premiss, since the question at issue is a race question, complicated by sectional strife, and is not an abstract issue in human relations. What kind of sociologist is he who passes by the prime fact which millions of white Southerners hold is the essential fact in race relations, and substitutes, arbitrarily, a premiss that is sheer invention? Dr. Dollard does not even examine the Southern premiss; he simply dismisses it. This cannot be sound science, for there can be no scientific conclusion which is not based upon an examination of all the relevant data, and of the hypothesis which seems best to fit the tentative facts. The Southern view of the race problem as a race problem is at least an important sociological item, if it is not in itself a hypothesis.

Furthermore, Dr. Dollard, although he learned the phrase, "War between the States," arrived at no consciousness of the historical situation as it might affect his own analysis and conclusions. He seems unaware that historical forces of the past may survive as operating agents into the present; he is a cultural monist who can conceive of only one possible culture – his own. Thus, in spite of his expressed desire to consider the Negro as a part of a culture, his study proceeds pretty much *in vacuo*, and by a terrific feat of legerdemain he abstracts the "human relations" from the actual social scene. I cannot think that this kind of study of human relations has any scientific value.

Last, Dr. Dollard's study is pitifully incomplete without parallel studies in "human relations" in other regions to discover whether caste and class do or do not flourish elsewhere as in Southerntown. It is not scientific for Dr. Dollard to assume as a norm of comparison some theoretically perfect human relations inferred to exist in his own country. That is only a familiar bit of human egotism; but it is not proper in a scientist. When the tables are turned, and the rationalizations and accommodations of the Institute of Human Relations itself have been objectivized and charted, we shall be nearer to scientific truth.

A criticism of this sort would seem to indicate the grounds for thinking Dr. Dollard's study a fairly discreditable performance. It would not be worth all these words if it did not constitute another one of those raids from metropolis into hinterland which for many years have stirred up rather than quieted down sectional animosity. Such books only make it more difficult to reach any national agreement as to a practical method of approaching the race problem. They widen the gap between sections. They leave the Negro (who surely deserves far better of the American people) still a bone of contention between sectional groups, liable, as in the past, to be tossed and torn helplessly as fortune sways back and forth in the general quarrel. Little good can be done for the Negro, and no progress can be made toward solving the problem, as long as such a situation exists. I suppose that much of the observation in Dr. Dollard's book may have some incidental value, when it is properly discounted, but it will be impossible to believe in his good faith until we can discover him saying, as Plato made Socrates say: "The procession of our own countrymen seemed to me to be indeed beautiful; yet that of the Thracians appeared no less proper."

The Liberal Arts College Curriculum

NORMAN FOERSTER

[*An address delivered at the annual meeting of the North Central Association in Chicago, April 19th, 1937.*]

I AM to discuss the curriculum or body of studies of the college (not the secondary or graduate school) devoted to the liberal arts (not the servile arts). Those arts are liberal, I take it, which are appropriate for the discipline and enlightenment of free men and women, and those arts are servile which are appropriate for the transformation of human beings into slaves. Instead of slaves, perhaps we should use the twentieth-century word robots, which comes from a Czech word meaning compulsory servitude, which, in turn, derives ultimately from a Gothic word meaning toil or trouble.

Using these several terms in their historic senses, I find that I am to discuss the curriculum of an institution which does not exist, or which is rapidly approaching non-existence.

Can it be seriously denied that the liberal arts colleges within the state universities have been gradually made over into service colleges, or servile colleges, meekly serving the ends of vocational knacks and professional skills? Can it be seriously denied that the small liberal colleges, imitating the state universities, have more and more likewise aspired to be servile?

I am not sure that any colleges have announced this intention. In our own region, all colleges recognized by the North Central Association have recently been required to declare, in their catalogues, the purpose or purposes for which they exist. I do not know how the majority of them have met this requirement. Some of them, I venture to suspect, have had a hard time discovering the purpose for which they exist, and others have discovered noble purposes not wholly in accord with their practices. I doubt whether any of them have said that, having gone in for teacher-training, commerce, journalism, library science, vocational physical education, and the like, they now wish to go in for more and more trade or craft training and thus become servile rather than liberal. But in case this is actually their purpose, the four-year liberal colleges will not only cease to be liberal, will not only cease to exist as liberal colleges, they will cease to exist at all: they will be overwhelmed by ever-larger state universities and ever-multiplying two-year colleges. This is already happening; the four-year liberal college is moribund.

The desperate problem of the small colleges today is not that of recruiting students, but that of showing why any students should enroll. Can the colleges find a good reason for living? Can they hereafter regain the hopefulness, the determination, the vitality which attended their birth under the midwifery of the pioneers?

They will never regain vitality through financial endowments, material equipment, and efficient organization. These are not life but mechanical aids to living, not ends but means.

Now, the restoration of the institution known as the liberal college might be rationally discussed in terms of the kind of students it admits, the kind of teachers it appoints, and the kind of curriculum it provides. My topic is the curriculum.

Discussion of the curriculum has long been a minor sport among educators. The game is played from the side-lines. When it begins, the field is simply littered with subjects; all of them interfere with each other, and nobody knows who has the ball. From the side-lines the educational expert directs the play, adding more players to the already crowded field but never taking anybody off, and, by arranging the players in various groups, finally produces order out of chaos. The result is a tableau, a pretty rendition of the field of knowledge. No two educational experts get the same result, and no one educational expert gets the same result twice.

I have played this game myself, but do not propose to play it now. It is not seemly to play curricular tableau while the college is at death's door. If the next ten years are to determine whether the liberal college must die or is, after all, still capable of restoration, it behooves us to make a serious effort to arrive at a convention, a coming-together, an agreement as to what the college is to live for. Once we have decided upon that, everything else will be easily decided upon. Once we have made up our minds as to the purpose of the college, we shall know what kind of studies, students, and teachers we need. To proceed at once to the selection of a curriculum is impossible; we must first come to an understanding regarding the principles which are to determine our selection.

I shall now outline, critically, what seem to me to be the various principles of selection that are being prominently urged today.

(1) I will begin with the basis of choice which we derive from the recent past – from the elective system of Charles W. Eliot. It may be described as provision of all subjects by the faculty and free election by the student. To Dr. Eliot, as to President Conant today, "all subjects" apparently means all liberal subjects. Since there is no accounting for tastes, President Conant has announced to the Harvard freshmen: "We have in our college an enormous and fascinating variety of intellectual diet. Sample it freely and see if there is not some one aspect of it which particularly appeals to your palate." It is hard to see how this gustatory theory can – to use the words of President Conant's latest report – "rescue the liberal-arts tradition from its present dilemma"; it would seem, indeed, that the dilemma now confronts us largely because of the unsatisfactory results of the gustatory theory, even when all the elements of the diet offered, from Anthropology to Zoölogy, are liberal. To those who have guided the destinies of the state universities, however, "all subjects" really means all subjects, all subjects for which a market can be found, all subjects liberal and servile, all subjects from Sanskrit to Radio Advertising.

Since experience showed that unreservedly leaving the choice of intellectual diet to the student meant chronic indigestion, it has long been the custom to limit choice, in part by requirement of a field of concentration (or "major"), that is, oddly enough, by insisting on an *un*balanced diet, and in part through "required electives", that is, options – as indicated by one college catalogue taken at random – between European History and Shorthand, between New Testament and Educational Measurements.

Leaving the choice to the student has worked very badly, and would probably have been discarded long ago but for two reasons making for survival of the practice: first, the intellectual bankruptcy of the faculty, which forced the faculty, in American parlance, to "pass the buck" to the student, and, secondly, the cult of "individual differences" encouraged by the vogue of the new psychologies between the Great War and the Great Depression. The fact, recognized from ancient times onward, that individuals differ has been dwelt upon latterly till we have almost forgotten a much more important fact, that they resemble each other. "A man's a man, for a' that", and, from a social as well as personal point of view, his humanity is more significant than his precious or unprecious uniqueness.

(2) I turn now to the newer theories; and first, the theory that the selection and formulation of the curriculum should depend upon adult activities. This conception has considerable popularity among those who profess the so-called science of education. Analyze what concrete life situations confront the college graduate and then prepare him to meet those situations efficiently. Broadly speaking, this appears to be the rationale of such an experiment as the General College at the University of Minnesota. The theory may be applied to the vocations of adults, to their life as citizens in Main Street, and to their earned leisure or unemployment. You can train them,

concretely and directly, to do something lucrative, to read editorials, and to enjoy motion pictures. Certainly a curriculum worked out in this way would be tolerated by many young people not appealed to by the "enormous and fascinating variety" offered at Harvard and the even vaster variety offered by the state universities. A servile college will naturally wish to serve as many as possible. The more serious and competent students, however, might succeed in laughing this plan out of court. Thus, a new radical journal named *The Student Advocate* has printed, evidently with derision, an announcement said to emanate from the publicity bureau of Duke University, which reads: "Learning to raise and lower windows with ease and grace is one of the activities included in a new course of physical education begun at the Woman's College of Duke University last week. . . . Because of its obvious value, all first-year Duke women will be required to take the course, it is announced."

(3) So much for adult activities. A more plausible theory is that of the orientation course or survey, said to be broad and liberal. From Window-Raising I turn to Man and the Universe.

The motive dominating the survey course is sound. It is an acknowledgment that the liberal student should be above the subject, not immersed in it or smothered beneath it. It is also an acknowledgment that, despite the enormous increase in knowledge due to specialization, the liberal student is still concerned with the encyclopaedia of knowledge, or rather the encyclopaedia of important knowledge. But it is extremely doubtful whether these aims are being carried out in the series of survey courses that have been introduced in various institutions. Survey courses as we know them are usually superficial, insubstantial, thin, rapid. The point of view may be from above the subject, but in the sense that the airplane is above the landscape. The encyclopaedia of knowledge may be represented, but in the sense that a too-ambitious motion picture flashes so many scenes and actions that the net impression is not solid but ghost-like. Thus the humanities course, as described by a student in Dr. Boucher's *The Chicago College Plan*,

> attempts to cover the history of man and mankind from earliest times through the present day. It includes the literature, art, music, architecture, religion, and philosophy of each period of history. It gives a broad sweep of history that is breath-taking in its scope. It is thrilling. . . . It gives a picture of man's achievements in the field of thought and in the arts – but it covers none of these adequately and does none of them justice.

What a motion picture indeed! – beginning at 4000 B.C., ending at 1937, and including just about everything except man's comparatively recent scientific enterprise. One is bound to conclude that a humanities course like this is as insanely generous as an adult-activities course in window-raising and other "Body Mechanics" is insanely niggardly.

A faculty made up of specialists is quick to see this, and to proclaim once more the long-lauded glories of thoroughness. But what they mean is the thoroughness of the specialist, not the thoroughness of the liberal student. They speak as men devoted only to their fields, into which they have been placed, as in concentration camps, by the division of scientific labor. There they delight in their limitations. They are not even anthropocentric in their outlook, for they measure man and the universe by only one standard, that of the subject they profess. We owe an incalculable debt, be it remembered, to specialists who have sacrificed most of their humanity, but we cannot go to them when we are looking for an education of youth into free manhood. They have a kind of thoroughness which is admirable, which is indispensable, but which is also – when we are speaking of the liberal arts – irrelevant.

(4) The next theory I may denominate social planning. This theory provides for some glances into the past, but is fundamentally concerned with understanding the economic, social, and political processes of the present and forwarding the adoption of new processes in the future. The curriculum, according to these social planners, must be socialized. For half a century, they say, supremacy has belonged to the natural sciences, which have transformed our world in both war and peace, but now that our world both in war and peace is on the verge of chaos and self-destruction, now that we need a speedy development of the control of man to catch up with the development of the control of nature, supremacy should be given to the social sciences. Natural science has at last brought on the economy of abundance; social science is to engineer the distribution of this abundance. The problem is really very simple, for the evil with which the world groans is not the result of wickedness in men's hearts but merely the result of bad institutions. The failures of society are not failures of human nature,

which is good, but failures of our social machinery, which is bad. Give us the schools, give us the colleges, and we will quickly build the New Jersualem.

Now here is a theory, it must be admitted, with a real punch in it. It makes window-raising seem trivial; it makes man and the universe seem pallid and aimless. It will commend itself to the get-wise-quick spirit that flourishes in America. But it will not commend itself to thoughtful educators aware of the complexity of human nature and the resulting complexity of human problems. To such persons the blithe optimism of the social planners will seem the proposal of a new alchemy to transform a base citizenry into gold. To such persons it will be evident that the kind of government and society a nation has must always depend mainly on the kind of people who make up the nation – their intelligence, their character, their philosophy of life, their dominant interests and motives. If these are bad, no mechanism will work well; if these are good, almost any mechanism will work well or will be altered to work well. To refuse to acknowledge this is to prefer blind faith in machinery to the enlightenment of common sense.

(5) I will deal with one more way of determining a curriculum. If it be true, as I believe, that the mind and will of twentieth-century man are sick, it behooves us not to treat the symptoms, as the social planners propose, or to ignore the disease, as the apostles of adult activities and survey courses propose, but to seek to cure the disease. That disease, I think we must agree with Irving Babbitt and President Hutchins, is chaos. Its symptoms are bewilderment, drifting, loss of standards, loss of appetite for

life. Originating as a germ of doubt, it passes, by easy stages, from general scepticism to self-destruction. The disease is now in the futilitarian stage, mixed with insanity, but is not quite so far advanced in America as in Europe. The remedy is the adoption of a humanistic or religious working philosophy, and the cure, it may conceivably turn out, will not be complete until we have built up a metaphysics or a theology as impressive as those of ancient Greece and the Middle Ages.

Historically, something of this sort has always been the background of education in the liberal arts, just as, in our own time, a futilitarian pragmatism has been the background of education in the servile arts. Naturally the pragmatists, obsessed with treating symptoms, have scorned the common-sense humanism of Irving Babbitt, and, more recently, the rational humanism of Dr. Hutchins. For myself, I do not think we are ready for the construction of a metaphysics or a theology. Since changes come slowly and we have all of future time ahead of us, I do *not* wish to suggest that the small liberal arts colleges and the liberal arts colleges within the universities should forthwith proceed to the appointment of committees aiming at a reform of the curriculum with special reference to metaphysics or theology. Our disease has grown for about two hundred years; I hope the remedy will come more quickly, but it will take time. As the disease developed by stages, so the remedy will proceed by steps. And the first step is the reintroduction into the course of study of the great books of the world.

This was proposed several years ago by Professors Elliott of Bowdoin and Shafer of Cincinnati. It has since been proposed by Dr. Hutchins, and I have included it in my recent study of *The American State University*.

What does this proposal mean as a guiding principle in the selection of a curriculum? It means that the course in which a book like Plato's *Republic* is taught – in history, or political science, or philosophy, or religion, or education, or Greek in the original or in English, or in all of these at once – is far less important than whether it is studied and how thoroughly it is studied. It means that, in general, a course is desirable in proportion to the number of first-rate books which could constitute the center of attention in the course. It means that most of the courses now existing would either become liberally respectable by a stiffening of their content, or would disappear altogether because, as in the case of Radio Advertising or Business English, there are no great books on the subject.

It means that, since some books are indispensable for liberal education, some courses would be indispensable for all students. It means that, since great books touch upon life profoundly at many points, they are capable, by virtue of individual differences among students, of touching all students at some points.

It means further that, since great books are often hard reading and should be read entire, the superficial type of survey course would have no place. It means that, since great books require reflective thought, courses concerned with mere fact-collecting would be discouraged.

It means that, since many of the great books are old books, the past would be studied more largely than has recently been fashionable. It means that the student would recognize the fact that human nature is in all times and places of recorded history fundamentally the same and that it will not be changed tomorrow. It means that the student, instead of blindly accepting the present, would perceive how impoverished our present interests and values are in comparison with the rich variety of values that man has cultivated in the past. It means that, despite the differences between great books, the student would come to see that such books complement when they do not repeat each other, so that the best commentary on a great book is usually another great book; he would come to see that they express all the human wisdom which we have ready for use, the whole of our available spiritual capital, and that we are actually using only a small part of it today.

Once all this has been accomplished, once arrived at the point where the great books are central in the curriculum, once well aware of that provincialism in time from which our century, like all other centuries, suffers, we shall be ready for the second stage of our recovery, the development of a new *Weltanschauung*, a new humanism, a new working philosophy of man and the universe, taking account of all our available knowledge and wisdom and facing the future with a vital creative energy. The future itself we do not know — it is dark and unborn in the womb of time — but we can give it light and splendor by a sort of spiritual eugenics, by carrying into it the most fruitful seeds of the past. Of course we can move upward only by carrying tradition with us. This has been true, for example, of our modern science. We did not reject science because the Greeks started it, or because Francis Bacon believed in it. Even such forward-looking persons as the communists look back to Karl Marx in the past century, as he looked back to Hegel, and he in turn to others till we are in Greece again. It is all one story, and every chapter counts, and some of the chapters, let us humbly admit, are better than our own.

In this spirit we might attempt the creation of a new working philosophy, a scheme of ideas giving backbone to our lives, our thought, our education. I have tried to characterize such a working philosophy elsewhere, and cannot deal with it now. As great books lead to it, so it may lead to something beyond. Our Occidental love of reason might drive us to the last step, the formulation of the metaphysics or the theology latent in this humanistic philosophy. Admittedly, this would give us more order than we easy-going Americans are ready for today. On the other hand we do yearn, in our bewilderment, in our empty aimlessness, for order. We are weary of the chaos of the world of affairs; we are weary of the chaos within our minds.

There is a saying that a fish decays first in the head. So does a civilization.

Is Art a Superstition or a Way of Life?

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

BY A superstition we mean something that "stands over" from a former time, and which we no longer understand and no longer have any use for. By a way of life, we mean a habit conducive to man's good, and in particular to the attainment of man's last and present end of happiness.

It seems to be a matter of general agreement at the present day that "Art" is a part of the higher things of life, to be enjoyed in hours of leisure earned by other hours of inartistic "Work". We find accordingly as one of the most obvious characteristics of our culture a class division of artists from workmen, of those, for example, who paint on canvas from those who paint the walls of houses, and of those who handle the pen from those who handle the hammer. We are certainly not denying here that there is a distinction of the contemplative from the active life, nor of free from servile operation: but mean to say that in our civilization we have in the first place made an absolute divorce of the contemplative from the active life, and in the second place substituted for the contemplative life an aesthetic life — or, as the term implies, a life of pleasure. We shall return to this point. In any case we have come to think of art and work as incompatible, or at least independent, categories, and have for the first time in history created an industry without art.

Individualists and humanists as we are, we attach an inordinate value to personal opinion and personal experience, and feel an insatiable interest in the personal experiences of others; the work of art has come to be for us a sort of autobiography of the artist. Art, having been abstracted from the general activity of making things for human use, material or spiritual, has come to mean for us the projection in a visible form of the feelings or reactions of the peculiarly endowed personality of the artist, and especially of those most peculiarly endowed personalities which we think of as "inspired" or describe in terms of genius. Because the artistic genius is mysterious we, who accept the humbler status of the workman, have been only too willing to call the artist a "prophet", and in return for his "vision" to allow him many privileges that a common man might hesitate to exercise. Above all we congratulate ourselves that the artist has been "emancipated" from what was once his position as the servant of church or state, believing that his mysterious imagination can operate best at random; if an artist like Blake still respects a traditional iconography, we say that he is an artist in spite of it, and if as in Russia or Germany the state presumes to conscript the artist, it is even more the principle involved than the nature of the state itself that disturbs us. If we ourselves exercise a censorship necessitated by the moral inconvenience of certain types of art, we feel it needful at least to make apologies. Whereas it was once the highest purpose of life to achieve a freedom *from* oneself, it is now our will to secure the greatest possible measure of freedom *for* oneself, no matter from what.

Despite the evidence of our environment, with its exaggerated standards of living, and equally depreciated standards of life, our conception of history is optimistically based on the idea of "progress"; we designate cultures of the past or those of other peoples as relatively "barbaric" and our own as relatively "civilized", never reflecting that such prejudgements, which are really wish-fulfillments, may be very far from fact. The student of the history of art discovers, indeed, in every art cycle a decline from a primitive power to a refinement of sentimentality or cynicism. But being a sentimentalist, materialist, cynic, or more briefly a humanist himself, he is able to think what he likes, and to argue that the primitive or savage artist "drew like that" because he knew no better: because he (whose knowledge of nature was so much greater and more intimate than that of the "civilized" or "city" man) had not learnt to see things as they are, was not acquainted with anatomy or perspective, and therefore drew like a child. We are indeed careful to explain that when we speak of an imitation of nature or study of nature we do not mean a "photographic" imitation, but rather an imitation of nature as experienced by the individual artist, or finally a representation of the nature of the artist as experienced by himself. Art is then "self-expression", but still an imitation of nature as effect, and essentially figurative rather than formal.

On the other hand we have said to ourselves that in the greatest works of art there is always a quality of abstraction, and have invoked the Platonic endorsement of a geometrical beauty; we have said: Go to, let us also make use of abstract formulae. It was overlooked here that the abstract formulae of ancient art were its natural vehicle, and not a personal or even local invention but the common language of the world. The result of the modern interest in abstraction as such, and apart from questions of content and communicability, has been indeed to eliminate recognizability in art, but without affecting its still essentially representative purpose. Personal symbolisms have been evolved which are not based on any natural correspondences of things to principles, but rather on private associations of ideas. The consequence is that every abstract artist must be individually "explained": the art is not communicative of ideas, but, like the remainder of contemporary art, only serves to provoke reactions.

What is then the peculiar endowment of the artist, so much valued? It is evidently, and by general consent, a special sensibility, and it is just for this reason that the modern terms "aesthetic" and "empathy" have been found so appropriate. By sensibility we mean of course an emotional sensibility. We speak of a work of art as "felt" and never of its "truth", or only of its truth to nature or natural feeling; "appreciation" is a "feeling into" the work. Now an emotional reaction is evoked by whatever we like (or dislike, but as we do not think of works of art as intended to provoke disgust, we need only consider them here as sources of pleasure): what we like, we call beautiful, admitting at the same time that matters of taste are not subject to law. The purpose of art is then to reveal a beauty that we like or can be taught to like; the purpose of art is to give pleasure; the work of art as the source of pleasure is its own end; art is for art's sake. We value the work for the pleasure to be derived from the sight, sound, or touch of its aesthetic surfaces; our conception of beauty is literally skin-deep; questions of utility and intelligibility rarely arise, and if they arise are dismissed as irrelevant.

If we propose to dissect the pleasure derived from a work of art, it becomes a matter of psychoanalysis, and ultimately a sort of science of affections and behaviors. If we nevertheless sometimes make use of such high-sounding expressions as "significant form", we do so ignoring that nothing can properly be called a "sign" that is not significant *of* something other than itself, and for the sake of which it exists. We think of "composition" as an arrangement of masses designed for visual comfort, rather than as determined by the logic of a given content. Our theoretical knowledge of the material and technical bases of art, and of its actual forms is encyclopaedic; but we are either indifferent to its *raison d'être* and final cause, or find this ultimate reason and justification for the very existence of the work in the pleasure to be derived from its beauty by the patron. We say the patron; but under present conditions, it is rather for his own than for the patron's pleasure that the artist works, the perfect patron being, nowadays, not the man who knows what he wants, but the man who is willing to commission the artist to do whatever he likes, and thus as we express it, "respects the freedom of the artist". The consumer, the man, is at the mercy of the manufacturer for pleasure (the "artist") and manufacturer for profit (the "exploiter"): and these two are more nearly the same than we suspect.

To say that art is essentially a matter of feeling is to say that its sufficient purpose is to please; the work of art is then a luxury, accessory to the life of pleasure. It may be inquired: Are not pleasures legitimate? Do not the office worker and factory hand deserve and need more pleasures than are normally afforded by the colorless routine of wage-earning tasks? Assuredly. But there is a profound distinction between the deliberate pursuit of pleasure and the enjoyment of pleasures proper to the active or contemplative life. It is one of the gravest counts against our civilization that the pleasures afforded by art, whether in the making or in subsequent appreciation, are not enjoyed or even supposed to be enjoyed by the workman at work. It is taken for granted that while at work we are doing what we like least, and while at play what we should wish to be doing all the time. And this is a part of what we meant by speaking of our depreciated standards of life: it is not so shocking that the workman should be underpaid, as that he should not be able to delight as much in what he does for hire as in what he does by free choice. It is an inevitable consequence of production under such conditions that quality is sacrificed to quantity: an industry without art provides a necessary apparatus of existence, houses, clothing, frying pans, and so forth, but an apparatus lacking the essential characteristics of things made by art, the characteristics, *viz.*, of beauty and significance. Hence we say that the life that we call civilized is more nearly an animal and mechanical life than a human life; and that in all these respects it contrasts unfavorably with the life of "savages", of American Indians, for example, to whom it had never occurred that manufacture, the activity of making things for use, could ever be made an artless activity.

Most of us take for granted the conception of art and artists outlined above, and so completely that we not only accept its consequences for ourselves, but misinterpret the art and artists of former ages and other cultures in terms that are only appropriate to our own historically provincial point of view. Undisturbed by our own environment, we assume that the artist has always been a peculiar person, that artist and patron have aways been at cross purposes, and that work has always been thought of as a necessary evil. But let us now consider what I have often called the "normal view of art", meaning by "normal" a theory not merely hitherto and elsewhere universally accepted as basic to the structure of society, but also a correct or upright doctrine of art. We shall find that this normal, traditional, and orthodox view of art contradicts in almost every particular the aesthetic doctrines of our time, and shall imply that the common wisdom of the world may have been superior to our own, adding that a thorough understanding of the traditional meaning of "art" and theory of "beauty" are indispensable for the serious student of the history of art, whose business it is to explain the genesis of works of art produced for patrons with whose purposes and interests we are no longer familiar.

To begin with, then, the active life of a man consists on the one hand in doing, and on the other in making or arranging things with a view to efficient doing: broadly speaking, man as doer is the patron, and man as maker the artist. The patron knows what purpose is to be served; for example, he needs shelter. The artist knows how to construct what is required; namely, a house. Everyone is naturally a doer, patron, and consumer; and at the same time an artist, that is to say, a maker by art, in some specialized sense, for example, either a painter, carpenter, or farmer. There is a division of labor, and for whatever a man does not make for himself he commissions another professional, the shoemaker, as an instance, when he needs shoes. In any case, in such relatively unanimous societies as we are considering, societies whose form is predetermined by traditional conceptions of order and meaning, there can hardly arise an opposition of interest as between patron and artist; both require the same kind of shoes, or worship at the same shrines, fashions changing only slowly and imperceptibly, so that under these conditions it has been truly said that "art has fixed ends, and ascertained means of operation".

In the normal society as envisaged by Plato, or realized in a feudal social order or caste system, occupation is vocational, and usually hereditary; it is intended at least that every man shall be engaged in the useful occupation for which he is best fitted by nature, and in which therefore he can best serve the society to which he belongs and at the same time realize his own perfection. As everyone makes use of things that are made artfully, as the designation artefact implies, and everyone possesses an art of some sort, whether of painting, sculpture, blacksmithing, weaving, cookery, or agriculture, no necessity is felt to explain the nature of art in general, but only to communicate a knowledge of particular arts to those who are to practise them; which knowledge is regularly passed on from master to apprentice, without there being any necessity for "schools of art". An integrated society of this sort can function harmoniously for millennia, in the absence of external interference. On the other hand, the contentment of innumerable peoples can be destroyed in a generation by the withering touch of our civilization; the local market is flooded by a production in quantity with which the responsible maker by art cannot compete; the vocational structure of society, with all its guild organization and standards of workmanship, is undermined; the artist is robbed of his art and forced to find himself a "job"; until finally the ancient society is industrialized and reduced to the level of such societies as ours, in which business takes precedence over life. Can one wonder that Western nations are feared and hated by other peoples, not alone for obvious political or economic reasons, but even more profoundly and instinctively for spiritual reasons?

What is art, or rather what was art? In the first place the property of the artist, a kind of knowledge and skill by which he knows, not what ought to be made, but how to imagine the form of the thing that is to be made, and how to embody this form in suitable material, so that the resulting artefact may be used. The shipbuilder builds, not for aesthetic reasons, but in order that men may be able to sail on the water; it is a matter of fact that the well-built ship will be beautiful, but it is not for the sake of making something beautiful that the shipbuilder goes to work;

it is a matter of fact that a well-made icon will be beautiful, in other words that it will please when seen by those for whose use it was made, but the imager is casting his bronze primarily for use and not as a mantelpiece ornament or for a museum show-case.

Art can then be defined as the embodiment in material of a preconceived form. The artist's operation is dual; in the first place intellectual or "free" and in the second place manual and "servile". "To be properly expressed," as Eckhart says, " a thing must proceed from within, moved by its form." It is just as necessary that the idea of the work to be done should first of all be imagined in an imitable form as that the workman should command the technique by which this mental image can be imitated in the available material. "It is," Augustine says, "by their ideas that we judge of what things ought to be like." A private property in ideas is inconceivable, since ideas have no existence apart from the intellect that entertains them and of which they are the forms; there cannot be an authorship of ideas, but only an entertainment, whether by one or many intellects is immaterial. It is not then in the ideas to be expressed in art, or, to speak more simply, not in the themes of his work, that an artist's intellectual operation is spoken of as free; the nature of the ideas to be expressed in art is predetermined by a traditional doctrine, ultimately of superhuman origin, and through the authority of which the necessity of a clear, and repeated, expression of such and such ideas has come to be accepted without question.

This is a matter of religious art only in this sense, that in a traditional society there is little or nothing that can properly be called secular; whatever the material uses of artefacts, we find that what we (who scarcely distinguish in principle art from millinery) describe as their ornamentation or decoration has always a precise significance; no distinction can be drawn between the ideas expressed in the humblest peasant art of a given period and those expressed in the actually hieratic arts of the same period. We cannot too often repeat that the art of a traditional society expresses throughout its range the governing ideology of the group; art has fixed ends and ascertained means of operation; art is a conscience about form, precisely as prudence is a conscience about conduct – a conscience in both senses of the word, *i. e.*, both as rule and as awareness. Hence it is that we can speak of a conformity or non-conformity in art, just as we can of regular and irregular, orderly and disorderly in conduct. Good art is no more a matter of moods than good conduct a matter of inclination; both are habits; it is the recollected man, and not the excited man, who can either make or do well.

On the other hand, nothing can be known or stated except in some way; the way of the individual knower. Whatever may be known to you and me in common can only be stated by either of us each in his own way. At any given moment these ways of different individuals will be and are so much alike as to be pleasing and intelligible to all concerned; but in proportion as the psychology and somatology of the group changes with time, so will the ways of knowing and idiom of expression; an iconography may not vary for millennia, and yet the style of every century will be distinct and recognizable at a glance. It is in this respect that the intellectual operation is called free; the style is the man, and that in which the style of one individual or period differs from that of another is the infallible trace of the artist's personal nature; not a deliberate, but an unconscious, self-expression of the free man.

The orator whose sermon is not the expression of a private opinion or philosophy, but the exposition of a traditional doctrine, is speaking with perfect freedom and originality; the doctrine is his, not as having invented it, but by conformation (*adaequatio rei et intellectus*). Even in direct citation he is not a parrot, but giving out of himself a recreated theme. The artist is the servant of the work to be done; and it is as true here as in the realm of conduct that "my service is perfect freedom". It is only a lip-service that can be called servile; only when an inherited formula has become an "art form", to be imitated as such without any understanding of its significance, that the artist, no longer a traditional craftsman but an academician, can properly be called a forger and servile. Our repetition of classic forms in modern architecture is generally a forgery in this sense; the manufacturer of "brummagem idols" is both a forger and a prostitute; the hereditary craftsman, who may be repeating formulae inherited from the stone age, remains an original artist until he is forced by economic pressure to accept the status of a parasite supplying the demand of the ignorant tourist in search of drawing-room ornaments and what he calls "the mysterious East".

Where an idea to be expressed remains the same throughout long sequences of stylistic variation, it is evident that this idea remains the motif or motivating power behind the work; the artist has worked throughout for the sake of the idea to be expressed, although expressing this idea always in his own way. The primary necessity is that he should really have entertained the idea and always visualized it in an imitable form; and this, implying an intellectual activity that must be ever renewed, is what we mean by orginality as distinguished from novelty, and by power as distinguished from violence. It will readily be seen, then, that in concentrating our attention on the stylistic peculiarities of works of art, we are confining it to a consideration of accidents, and really only amusing ourselves with a psychological analysis of personalities; not by any means penetrating to what is constant and essential in the art itself.

The manual operation of the artist is called servile, because similitude is with respect to the form; in writing down, for example, the form of a musical composition that has already been heard mentally, or even in performance as such, the artist is no longer free, but an imitator of what he has himself imagined. In such a servility there is certainly nothing dishonorable, but rather a continued loyalty to the good of the work to be done; the artist turns from intellectual to manual operation or *vice versa* at will, and when the work has been done, he judges its "truth" by measuring the actual form of the artefact against the mental image of it that was his before the work began and remains in his consciousness regardless of what may happen to the work itself.

We can now perhaps begin to realize just what we have done in separating artist from craftsman and "fine" from "applied" art. We have assumed that there is one kind of man that can imagine, and another that cannot; or to speak more honestly, another kind whom we cannot afford, without doing hurt to business, to allow to imagine, and to whom we therefore permit a servile and imitative operation *only*. Just as the operation of the artist who merely imitates nature as closely as possible, or of an archaist who merely imitates the forms and formulae of ancient art without attempting any recreation of ideas in terms of his own constitution, is a servile operation, so is that of the mason required to carve, whether by hand or machinery, innumerable copies of "ornaments" for which he is provided with ready-made designs, for which another man is responsible, or which may be simply "superstitions", that is to say, "art forms" of which the ideal content is no longer understood and which are nothing but the vestiges of originally living traditions. It is precisely in our modern world that everyone is nominally, and no one really, "free".

Art has also been defined as "the imitation of nature in her manner of operation": that is to say, an imitation of nature, not as effect, but as cause. Nature is here, of course, "*Natura naturans*, *Creatrix*, *Deus*", and by no means our own already natured environment. All traditions lay a great stress on the analogy of the human and divine artificers, both alike being "makers by art", or "by a word conceived in intellect". As the Indian book express it, "We must build as did the Gods in the beginning." Hence also the importance of Pythagorean numbers in construction. All this is only to say again in other words that "similitude is with respect to the form"; "imitation" is the embodiment in matter of a preconceived form; and that is precisely what we mean by "creation".

All of our modern teaching centers round the posed model and the dissecting room; our conceptions of portraiture are as a matter of historical fact associated in their origins with the charnel house and death mask. On the other hand, we begin to see now why primitive and traditional and what we have described as normal art is "abstract"; it is an imitation, not of a visible and transient appearance or "effect of light", but of an intelligible form which need no more resemble any natural object than a mathematical equation need look like its locus in order to be "true". It is one thing to draw in linear rhythms and abstract light because one must; another thing for anyone, who is not by nature and in the philosophical sense a realist, deliberately to cultivate an abstract style.

The principles of traditional criticism follow immediately from what has been said above. The work of art is "true" to the extent that its actual or accidental form reflects the essential form conceived in the mind of the artist (it is in this sense that the workman still speaks of "trueing" the work in hand); and adequate, or apt, if this form has been correctly conceived with respect to the final cause of the work, which is to be used by the patron. This distinction of judgements, which normally coincide in unanimous cultures, is of particular value to the modern student of ancient or exotic arts, for which we have no longer a practical use. The modern aesthetician thinks that he has done enough if he "feels into" the work, since he holds that the secret of art resides in a peculiar sensibility outwardly manifested as an aesthetic urge to express and communicate a feeling; he does not realize that ancient works of art were produced, devoutly indeed, but primarily to serve a purpose and to communicate a gnosis. What was demanded of the traditional artist was first and foremost to be in possession of his art, that is, to be in possession of a knowledge, rather than a sentiment. We forget that sensation is an animal property, and knowledge distinctively human, and that art, if thought of as distinctively human, and particularly if thought of as a department of the "higher things of life", must likewise have to do much more with knowledge than with feeling. We ought not, then, as Herbert Spinden so cleverly puts it, to "accept a pleasurable effect upon our unintelligent nerve ends as an index of understanding".

The critic of ancient or exotic art, having only the work of art before him, and nothing but the aesthetic surfaces to consider, can only register reactions, and proceed to a dimensional and chemical analysis of matter and a psychological analysis of style. His knowledge is of the sort defined as accidental, and very different from the essential and practical knowledge of the original artist and patron. One can in fact only be said to have understood the work, or to have any more than a dilettante knowledge of it, to the extent that he can identify himself with the mentality of the original artist and patron. The man can only be said to have understood Romanesque or Indian art who comes very near to forgetting that he has not made it himself for his own use; a man is only qualified to translate an ancient text when he has really participated in, and not merely observed, the outer and inner life of its time, and identified this time with his own. All this evidently requires a far longer, more roundabout, and self-denying discipline than is commonly associated with the study of the history of art, which generally penetrates no farther than an analysis of styles, and certainly not to an analysis of the necessary reasons of iconographies or logic of composition.

There is also a traditional doctrine of beauty. This theory of beauty is not developed with respect to artefacts alone, but universally. It is independent of taste, for it is recognized that, as Augustine says, there are those who take pleasure in deformities. The word *de*formity is significant here, because it is precisely a formal beauty that is in question; and we must not forget that "formal" includes the connotation "formative". The recognition of beauty depends on judgement, not on sensation; the beauty of the aesthetic surfaces depending on their information, and not upon themselves. Everything, whether natural or artificial, is beautiful to the extent that it really is what it purports to be, and independently of all comparisons; or ugly to the extent that its own form is not expressed and realized in its tangible actuality. The work of art is beautiful, accordingly, in terms of perfection, or truth-and-aptitude as defined above; whatever is inept or vague cannot be considered beautiful, however it may be valued by those who "know what they like". So far from that, the veritable connoisseur "likes what he knows"; having fixed upon that course of art which is right, use has made it pleasant.

Whatever is well and truly made will be beautiful in kind because of its perfection. There are no degrees of perfection; just as we cannot say that a frog is any more or less beautiful than a man, whatever our preferences may be, so we cannot possibly say that a telephone booth as such is any more or less beautiful than the other in kind, because our actual experience is of unlovely booths and really beautiful cathedrals.

It is taken for granted that the artist is always working "for the good of the work to be done": from the coincidence of beauty with perfection it follows inevitably that his operation always tends to the production of a beautiful work. But this is very different matter from saying that the artist has always in view to discover and communicate beauty. Beauty in the master craftsman's *atelier* is not a final cause of the work to be done, but an inevitable accident. And for this reason, that the work of art is always occasional; it is the nature of a rational being to work for particular ends, whereas beauty is an indeterminate end; whether the artist is planning a picture, a song, or a city, he has in view to make that thing and nothing else. What the artist has in mind is to do the job "right", *secundum rectam rationem artis:* it is the philosopher who brings in the word "beautiful" and expounds its conditions in terms of perfection, harmony, and clarity. A recognition of the fact that things can only be beautiful in kind, and not in one another's kinds, and the conception of the formality of beauty, bring us back again to the futility of a naturalistic art – the beauties of a living man and of a statue or stone man are different in kind and not interchangeable; the more we try to make the statue look like a man, the more we denature the stone and caricature the man. It is the form of a man in a nature of flesh that constitutes the beauty of this man; the form of a man in a nature of stone the beauty of the statue; and these two beauties are incompatible.

Beauty is, then, perfection apprehended as an attractive power; that aspect of the truth, for example, which moves the will to grapple with the theme to be communicated. In mediaeval phraseology, "beauty adds to the good an ordering to the cognitive faculty by which the good is known as such"; "beauty has to do with cognition". If we ourselves endeavor to speak well, it is for the sake of clarity alone, and we should much rather be called interesting than mellifluent. To quote a Hasidic example: "If anyone should say, 'Let us now hear you talk of your doctrine: you speak so beautifully', 'May I be struck dumb ere I speak beautifully.' " If beauty is not synonymous with truth, neither can it be isolated from the truth: the distinction is logical, but there is coincidence *in re*. Beauty is at once a symptom and an invitation; as truth is apprehended by the intellect, so beauty moves the will; beauty is always ordered to reproduction, whether a physical generation or spiritual regeneration. To think of beauty as a thing to be enjoyed apart from use is to be a naturalist, a fetishist, and an idolater.

Nothing more enrages the exhibitionist of modern art than to be asked: What is it about? or What is it for? He will exclaim: You might as well ask what it looks like! In fact, however, the question and answer are on altogether different planes of reference; we have agreed that the work of art by no means needs to look like anything on earth, and is perhaps the worse the more it tends to create an illusion. It is another matter if we demand an intelligibility and functional efficacy in the work. For what are we to do with it, intellectually or physically, if it has no meaning and is not adapted to be used? All that we can do in this case is to like it or dislike it, much as bulls are said to love green and hate red.

The intelligibility of traditional art does not depend on recognitions but, like that of script, on legibility. The characters in which this art is written are properly called symbols; when meaning has been forgotten or ignored and art exists only for the comfort of the eye, these become "art forms" and are spoken of as "ornaments"; we speak of "decorative" values. Symbols in combination form an iconography or myth. Symbols are the universal language of art; an international language with merely dialectic variations, current once in all milieus and always intrinsically intelligible, though now no longer understood by educated men, and only to be seen or heard in the art of peasants. The content of symbols is metaphysical. Whatever work of traditional art we consider, whether a crucifix, Ionic column, peasant embroidery, or trappings of a horse, or nursery tale, has still or had a meaning over and above what may be called the immediate value of the object to us as a source of pleasure or necessity of life. All this means for us that we cannot pretend to have accounted for the genesis of any such work of art until we have understood what it was for and what it was intended to mean. The symbolic forms, which we call ornaments because they are only superstitions for us, are none the less the substance of the art before us; it is not enough to be able to use the terms of iconography freely and to be able to label our museum specimens correctly; to have understood them, we must understand the ultimate *raison d'être* of the iconography, just why it is as it is and not otherwise.

Implicit in this symbolism lies what was equally for artist and patron the ultimately spiritual significance of the whole undertaking. The references of the symbolic forms are as precise as those of mathematics. The adequacy of the symbols being intrinsic, and not a matter of convention, the symbols correctly employed transmit from generation to generation a knowledge of cosmic analogies: as above, so below. Some of us still repeat the prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The artist is constantly represented as imitating heavenly forms – "the crafts such as building and carpentry which give us matter in wrought forms . . . take their principles thence and from the thinking there" (*Enneads*, V, 9). The archetypal house, for example, repeats the architecture of the universe; a ground below, a space between, a vault above, in which there is an opening corresponding to the solar gateway by which one "escapes altogether" out of time and space into an unconfined and timeless empyrean. Functional and symbolic values coincide; if there rises a column of smoke to the luffer above, this is not merely a convenience, but also a representation of the axis of the universe that pillars apart heaven and earth, essence and nature, and is itself although without dimensions or consistency the adamantine principle and exemplary form of temporal and spatial extension and of all things situated in time or space. This was doubtless already apparent to prehistoric man, though we cannot trace it farther back in literature than perhaps a millennium and a half B. C. Vestiges of the primitive luffer survive in the eyes of domes, and of its significance in the fact that even today we speak of Santa Claus, a double of the resurrected Sun, as entering in with his gifts, not by the human door, but by the chimney.

The world-wide designation of stone weapons as "thunderbolts" is a memory surviving from the stone age, when already primitive man identified his striking weapons with the shaft of lightning with which the solar Deity smote the Dragon, or, if you prefer, St. Michael Satan, in the beginning; an iron age inherits older traditions, and literary evidences for an identification of weapons with lightning go back at least as far as the second millennium B. C. All traditions agree in seeing in the warp of tissues made by hand an image of the fontal-raying of the dawn-light of creation, and in their woof the representation of planes of being or levels of reference more or less removed from, but still dependent on, their common center and ultimate support. Instances could be multiplied, but it will suffice to say that the arts have been universally referred to a divine source, that the practice of an art was at least as much a rite as a trade, that the craftsman had always to be initiated into the Lesser Mysteries of his particular craft, and that the artefact itself had always a double value, that of tool on the one hand and that of symbol on the other. These conditions survived in mediaeval Europe, and still survive precariously in the East, to the extent that normal types of humanity have been able to resist the subversive influences of civilized business.

We are thus in a position to understand in part how both the making of things by art and the use of things made by art subserved, not only man's immediate convenience, but also his spiritual life; served in other words the whole or holy man, and not merely the outer man who feeds on "bread alone". The transubstantiation of the artefact had its inevitable corollary in a transformation of the man himself; the Templar, whose sword was also a cross, had been initiated as and striven to become more than a man and as nearly as possible an hypostasis of the Sun. Now that the greater part of life has been secularized, these transformative values of art can be envisaged only in iconolatry, where the icon made by hands and subsequently consecrated serves as a support of contemplation tending towards a transformation of the worshipper into the likeness of the archetypal form to which, and "not to the colors or the art" as St. Basil says, the honor is paid. The collector who owns a crucifix of the finest period and workmanship, and merely enjoys its "beauty", is in a very different position from that of the equally sensitive worshipper, who also feels its power, and is actually moved to take up his own cross; only the latter can be said to have understood the work in its entirety, only the former can be called a fetishist. In the same way, and as I have said elsewhere, the man who may have been a "barbarian" but could look upward to the rooftree of his house and say "There hangs the Light of Lights", or down to his hearth and say "There is the center of the world", was more completely a man than one whose house, however well supplied with labor-saving and sanitary apparatus, is merely "a machine to live in".

It remains for us to consider the problems of artist and patron, producer and consumer, from the standpoint of ethics. The traditional position asserts that there can be no "good use" without art: that is to say, no efficient goodness, but only good intentions, in case the means provided are defective. Suppose, for example, that the artist is a printer; to the extent that he designs an illegible type, the book, however supremely valuable its text, will be "no good". Of a workman who bungles we say in the same way that he is "no good" or "good for nothing", or, in the technical language of traditional ethics, that he is a "sinner": "sin" being defined as "any departure from the order to the end", whatever the nature of the end.

Before the artist can even imagine a form, there must have been a direction of the will towards a specific idea; since one cannot imagine "form" in the abstract, but only this or that form. In Indian terms, an image can only spring from a "seed". Or as Bonaventura expresses it, "Every agent acting rationally, not at random, nor under compulsion, foreknows the thing before it is, *viz.*, in a likeness, by which likeness, which is the 'idea' of the thing (in an imitable form), the thing is both known and brought into being." The artist's will has accordingly consented beforehand to the end in view; whether a good end or bad end is no longer his affair as an artist; it is too late now for qualms, and the artist as such has no longer any duty but to devote himself to the good of the work to be done. As St. Thomas expresses it, "Art does not require of the artist that his act be a good act, but that his work be good . . . Art does not presuppose rectitude of the appetite" – but only to serve the appetite, whether for good or evil. It is for the man to decide what, if any, propaganda are desirable; for man as artist only to make the propagation effective. The artist is only concerned with the good of the work to be done. The artist may nevertheless come short, and in this case he is said to "sin as an artist": if, for example, he undertakes and proposes to manufacture an efficient poison gas and actually produces something quite innocuous, or intends to fashion a Madonna and only produces a fashion plate. The artist as such is an amoral type: at the same time there can be no good use, that is, effective use, without art.

Let us now remind ourselves that the artist is also a man, and as a man responsible for all that his will consents to; responsible, directly, as a murderer by intent if he consents to manufacture adulterated food or drugs in excess of medical requirement; responsible as a promoter of loose living if he exhibits a pornographic picture (by which we mean of course something essentially salacious, preserving the distinction of "obscene" from "erotic"); responsible spiritually if he is a sentimentalist or pseudo-mystic. It is a mistake to suppose that in former ages the artist's "freedom" could have been arbitrarily denied by an external agency; it is much rather a plain and unalterable fact that the artist as such is not a free *man*. As artist he is morally irresponsible, indeed; but who can assert that he is an artist and not also a man? The artist can be separated from the man in logic and for purposes of understanding; but actually the artist can only be divorced from his humanity by what is called a disintegration of personality. The doctrine of art for art's sake implies precisely such a sacrifice of humanity to art, of the whole to the part. It is significant that, at the same time that these tendencies are recognizable in the sphere of culture, in the other sphere of business and in the interest of profit most men are denied the opportunity of artistic operation altogether, or can function as responsible artists only in hours of leisure when they can pursue a "hobby" or play games. What shall it profit a man to be politically free, if he must be either the slave of "art" or slave of "business"?

We say then that the artist as such is morally irresponsible, but is also a morally responsible *man*. In the normal and long-enduring types of civilization that we have been considering – Indian, Egyptian, early Greek, mediaeval Christian, Chinese, Maori, or American Indian – it has been man as patron rather than man as artist on whom the decision has rested as to *what* shall be made: the freedom of the artist involving an autonomy only within his own sphere of operation, and not including a free choice of themes. That choice remained with the Man, and amounted to an effective censorship, though not a censorship in our sense, but in the last analysis a self-control, since the artist and the man were still of one mind and all men in some sense artists. Nothing in fact was made that did not answer to a generally recognized necessity. All this accords with Aristotle's dictum, that "the general end of art is the good of man". General ends take precedence of private ends; it is not the private good of this or that man, and still less of this or that artist, but Man's conception of the good, that has determined what was made by art. In principle, accordingly, a censorship can be approved of as altogether proper to the dignity of Man. This need not be a legally formulated censorship so long as the responsible artist is *also* a responsible member of society. But as soon as the artist asserts an absolute independence, there arises the occasion for a formulated censorship; liberty becoming license, forges its own chains.

We must not, however, overlook a factor essential to the current problem. Who is qualified to be a censor? Surely it is not enough to recognize a wrong, or what we think a wrong, and to rush into action guided only by a private, or little group's, opinion, however firmly entertained. It is certainly not in a democracy, nor in a society trying to find a means of survival by trial and error, that a censorship can be justly exercised. Our censorships reflect at the best a variable canon of expediency; one that varies, from state to state and decade to decade. To justify the exercise of censorship, we must *know* what is right or wrong, and why; we must have read Eternal Law before we can impose a human code. This means that it is only within a relatively unanimous community, acknowledging an ascertained truth, that a censorship can properly be exercised, and only by an élite, whose vocation it is precisely to know metaphysical truth (whence only can there be deduced and ascertained the governing principles of doing and making), that laws of conduct binding on the artist as a man can properly be promulgated. We cannot therefore expect from any legislative censorship an adjustment of the strained relations between the artist and the patron, producer and consumer; the former is too much concerned with himself, the latter too unaware of man's real needs, whether physical or spiritual — too much a lover of quantity and by far too little insistent upon the quality of life. The source of all our difficulties, whether economic, or psychic, lies beyond the power of legislation or philanthropy; what we require is a rectification of humanity itself and a consequent awareness of the priority of contemplation to action. We are altogether too busy, and have made a vice of industry.

Under present circumstances, then, art is by and large a luxury: a luxury that few can afford, and one that need not be too much lamented by those who cannot afford to buy. This same "art" was once the principle of knowledge by which the means of life were produced, and the physical and spiritual needs of man were provided for. The whole man made by contemplation, and in making did not depart from himself. To resume all that has been said in a single statement – Art *is* a superstition: art *was* a way of life.

The Next Depression

RALPH BORSODI

THE next depression, many thoughtful people are now saying, will be with us sometime in the year 1940.

Whenever it does come, there are good grounds for expecting that it will usher in a period of economic, social, and perhaps even political disaster worse than the depression which began in October, 1929. And we shall enter this coming period without the one spiritual resource which helped us through the dark days of 1932 – our confidence in the power and the integrity of the Federal government. The Republican party may be even less a factor in the political life of America than it is today – while the Democratic party will have squandered the confidence which the people reposed in it in 1932 and again in 1936. Unless all present signs fail, we shall then establish some new party and follow a new leadership with a drastic and revolutionary program – either fascist or communist. And we shall embrace whichever of these two programs will seem to the American people to promise most surely a plan for getting rid of the towering structure of debts which we shall have erected by that time.

What are the reasons which warrant this rather depressing forecast?

(1) There is first of all the fact that literally noth-

ing has been done by the present administration to prevent a recurrence of the boom which will cause the next panic, while much has been done to inspire and to encourage its development. To prevent the boom, it would have been necessary to correct some of the fundamental defects of our credit institutions. But instead of correcting them – instead of such a reform as a separation of deposit banking from both commercial and investment banking, which would have dealt with one of the fundamental defects of our credit institutions – we have actually added new credit structures of all sorts. This began with the RFC, which was established in the Hoover administration, but now includes a host of alphabetical institutions which the present administration has invented for the purpose of absorbing the debts which banks, insurance companies, and other investment trusts have been unable to carry. What is more, regulatory commissions like the SEC have been piled upon regulatory commissions, for the purpose of re-establishing the confidence of the public in the securities markets, in the commodities markets, and in the money markets of the nation. The natural suspicion of the public in these institutions which was created by their amazing performances in the four years following 1929 has been replaced by the same sort of magical confidence which marked the years immediately preceding 1929.

(2) The administration has done literally nothing to permit trade to develop naturally while numberless things have been done to stimulate it artificially. The infamous Smoot-Hawley tariff with its fantastic tendency to embargo trade, which economists almost without exception predicted would be followed by dis-

aster, has not been lowered. On the contrary, as if we were thereby saving ourselves, we have piled Pelion on Ossa, and by devaluing the dollar, have in effect raised the Hawley-Smoot rates forty per cent higher than in the original bill. It is true that Secretary of State Cordell Hull has sought to mitigate the evils involved in this catastrophic program by negotiating reciprocal trade treaties. And the fact that these treaties seem to have permitted trade to increase is certainly an indication of the wisdom of a policy of lowering tariff barriers. But these treaties represent mere timid parleying with the evil – and there is not the slightest indication that the administration is interested in or would be permitted really to lower the rates to a point which a sound economic system for the nation actually requires. Organized agriculture, organized labor, and organized financial and industrial privilege have already given evidence of the fact that while they are willing to permit the Secretary of State to indulge in his idiosyncrasy to a mild extent because he is protected by the popularity and prestige of the President, it would be a different matter if he really undertook to do battle with the vested interests which we have erected upon the basis of tariff privileges for the past century.

Instead of a program of permitting trade to develop naturally, we have extended the program of artificial stimulation in numberless ways. The NRA, which began this program of stimulation, ran afoul of the constitutional limitation upon Federal interference with intrastate trade. But the AAA has in one way or another managed to maintain its program of raising agricultural prices and of subsidizing a limited number of commercial crops for our farmers. The FERA, the PWA, and the WPA represent a similar program of stimulating trade – priming the pump – by furnishing purchasing power to the unemployed. A beginning has been made in the artificial stimulation of housing. And this enormous industry, instead of being permitted to revive naturally, has been supplied with numerous new instrumentalities – of which the FHA is the most widely publicized though by no means the only one already in operation – for staging a real-estate and building boom. If the Wagner housing bill is enacted (and in some form a housing bill of this kind will be passed in the next Congress if it is not passed in this one) millions of dollars will be made available for the purpose of subsidizing city housing; the fantastic trade in urban real estate and in urban public utilities will thus receive an artificial stimulus, and the ridiculous wage scales and the equally ridiculous real-estate practices of the building trades made to seem reasonable and statesmanlike. So powerful is the sentiment behind subsidized housing, that nothing seems likely to prevent the plunge into this field of stimulation by both Federal and State governments.

(3) Finally, stimulation has been provided in the field of credit to a point which would have made Harding-Coolidge and Hoover Secretaries of the Treasury blush at their modesty. The prices of everything – commodities, labor, securities, real estate – cannot only be reflated but raised high above those which existed in the boom which preceded 1929. It is difficult to say just what will take the place of the automobile, the radio, and the power industries as the harbingers of prosperity in the next boom. Power,

particularly hydro-electric power, has not by any means lost its capacity for captivating the speculative imagination of the American public. Perhaps power, television, and the airplane will play the rôle in the coming boom which railroads, copper mines, steel, gold, and other Golcondas played in previous booms. Certainly no changes have been made which would prevent the development of the mass hysteria which a few years of comparative good times would unleash. And when this develops, the SEC will prove as powerless to check the speculation, as was the Federal Reserve Board in the years before 1929. Those who pin their faith in the SEC should remember that the Federal Reserve System was established following the panic of 1907 as a means of preventing the very kind of disaster which it failed to prevent in 1929.

We may therefore look forward to a boom — a period of rising wages, of rising agricultural prices, of rising securities prices, of rising real-estate prices. There will probably be recessions in these rises. But each recession will be followed by recourse to the instrumentalities for maintaining prices which have been created during the last few years. The new credit institutions established for the purpose of protecting agriculture, protecting labor, protecting industry, and protecting investments were created for the purpose of furnishing safeguards against recessions. When the recessions come, when prices threaten to decline, recourse to them will be merely executing the intention of the creators of these institutions. The whole process will be rationalized in precisely the same way that similar misuses of the Federal Reserve System and the instruments in existence prior to 1929 were rationalized by the apologists of the famous "new era" of those days. And if some new Charlie Mitchell defies the SEC as that almost forgotten president of the National City Bank defied the Federal Reserve Board for daring to try to put the brakes upon inflation, the nation will applaud his enterprise precisely as it applauded Mitchell's in 1929.

How long will this boom last? It is difficult to say. Booms, like panics and depressions, are expressions of mass psychology. For the masses to generate a boom, they must have forgotten their previous panic and previous period of depression. It takes from seven to ten years for this change in the mass psyche to take place. In that period not only do the bulk of the people forget, but new generations, which have not experienced a panic, come into positions of power. The panic period of the last economic débâcle took place when all the banks of the nation were closed in 1932. Seven years will bring us to 1939. By that time the nation will have forgotten, and those who remember will be considered Cassandras, old fogies, has-beens. We shall have had several years of relatively good business; the seasons will have come and gone without any violent disturbance in the regularity of life; the new period of good times will have come to be accepted as something in the natural order of events; prices will have risen slowly at first and then in all probability at a somewhat quicker pace; we shall be in the midst of our boom.

It is possible, of course, that by 1939 commodity prices will have ceased to rise, and the volume of employment will decline. This will be the beginning of the end. But by that time, the high level of agricultural prices and the high wages will have so increased the profits of business and so increase the demand for land, that both securities and real-estate prices will continue to rise in spite of the disquieting symptoms of agricultural distress and unemployment. We shall, of course, be able to postpone the prophylactic effects which the development of these symptoms would exercise in a healthy economic system. We shall soften the effect of unemployment by recourse to the Social Security system; we shall soften the effect of declining agricultural income by increasing the subsidies for soil conservation or something of that sort. But eventually, the rise in land values and the expansion of our industrial plant will be recognized as unwarranted by the demand and the volume of activity in consumers' goods.

By that time the day of reckoning will be upon us. No matter how much credit we may pump into the existing values, no matter what we may do to maintain the faith of the owners of debts in the reality that they will be paid, panic will ultimately seize us. We shall all try to convert our securities, our bonds, our land investments, above all our deposits in banks, into purchasing power – into money which will enable us to purchase what we want. We shall call in our debts – no matter who may be the debtors – and bad as will be the results of calling them in in the form of securities, worse will be the form of calling them in in the form of deposits in the banks. By 1940 the mass psychology of the boom will in all probability have been transformed into the mass psychology of panic.

What will happen?

In order to try to answer this question, we shall have to consider first in what ways the situation in 1939 to 1942 will be different from the situation in 1929 to 1932. That there will be greater facilities for credit expansion we have already pointed out. That there will be new facilities for absorbing the shocks of unemployment and lower agricultural prices we have also mentioned. But there are three other important respects in which the situation at that time will be different from the situation in the last boom and in preceding booms.

In the first place, we shall enter it with a load of government debt — state, municipal, and Federal — enormously greater than ever before. Our banks, insurance companies, and investment trusts will be water-logged with government securities of all kinds. By 1940 they will have tried unsuccessfully to liquidate these securities. But they will no more have really sold them to the investing public than they managed to sell corporate securities during the boom years which preceded 1929.

In the second place, we shall have a larger volume of unemployment, both absolutely and relatively, than ever before in our history. It is true that these people will have been placed more or less automatically upon a dole. But instead of carrying two million unproductive families, we shall in all probability begin the depression carrying between five and ten million of them, and when the depression really gets under way, this should jump promptly to anything from fifteen to twenty million. We shall find ourselves under the necessity of somehow or other feeding, housing, and clothing at the public expense twice as large a proportion of the total population as ever before. We shall have to use our taxing power for the purpose of taking food, clothing, and shelter from those who happen still to possess these things, and giving them to those who have no longer incomes with which to pay for them.

At just what point this process will break down, no man can tell. The possibilities of the taxing power are enormous. The government can take, in one way or another, from those who produce or who possess goods what it needs to prosecute war, for the building of monuments, and presumably for the maintenance of great armies of dependents. But there always comes a point at which an existing government finds it impossible to continue its expansion of taxation. At that point, a new government is established. The new government, in the period following 1929, was voted in by replacing the Republican party by the Democratic party. But in the next panic, there is some reason for doubting whether the Republican party will be revived sufficiently so that the faith of the masses can be transferred to it by means of an electoral change. The Republican party is not only spiritually dead – it seems to be politically moribund. And political death is worse than spiritual death so far as mass faith is concerned.

This brings us to the third point at which the situation will be different in the next depression from the preceding depressions.

The Democratic party – the New Deal which it embodied in the person of Franklin D. Roosevelt – was put into office in 1932 because the people felt that the power of the Federal government was not being properly used for the purpose of ending the depression. The people had lost faith in their industrial and financial leaders; they had long since lost faith in their communities and states; they had no faith in themselves. But they still had faith in the Federal government. What they did was to turn that government over to an administration that promised to use the Federal powers fearlessly and to vindicate that faith using all its resources to realize the slogan, "Happy days are here again."

In the next depression, the American people will no longer have that faith. If after having put supreme power in the hands of the administration; if after having been led to believe that the Federal government can save them, and can insure their well-being, they find that this faith is illusory, they will probably turn not to the Republican party or to any party still claiming that the proper administration of the existing government is all that is required, but to some new leadership which may represent a complete change not only of party but of the government itself.

What the administration will be faced with in the next depression is not the possibility that the Democratic party will be voted out and the Republican opposition, or what is left of it, voted in, but the prospect of either a fascist or communist revolution. The situation with which the administration will be confronted will be infinitely more desperate than that with which the Hoover administration was confronted in 1932.

There are three things which the Roosevelt administration might do, based upon the historic precedents of governments confronted by similar situations. It could plunge into a foreign war – something which might be rendered difficult by the absence of foreign entanglements; it could find a scapegoat and permit public wrath to be vented upon some minority – something which is easier in a nation with a more pronounced anti-Semitic feeling than we have; or it could inflate the currency.

My guess is that the Roosevelt administration will prefer to inflate the currency, rather than to turn to any other of these stratagems. It will, of course, rationalize the process. It will not be called currency inflation. But in some way it will undertake to buy back the bonds and securities declining so precipitately in the market by issuing currency in their place. It will liquefy the debts created in the depression from which we are at present emerging.

This is what it seems to me will happen when the next boom collapses. The present administration will then go out of office – if it is permitted to do so in an orderly fashion – in a situation very much worse and charged with much more social dynamite than that which existed when Hoover was replaced by Roosevelt.

I have said that the next depression will begin in 1940. But this prediction is subject necessarily to considerable qualification. If we have no great foreign war; if we have no serious change in the policies of the administration; if there is no change in the tempo of industrialization and urbanization – then the boom should have spent itself by that time and the collapse be upon us. But there could easily be a variation of one or two years either way. While there is a great probability that it will come in the fall of 1940 — when the harvest of that year fails to produce an improvement in the demand for consumption goods — the virtual certainty is that it will come within the next five years. The President, unless he is willing to go out of office worse execrated than any other President in history, should pray that the débâcle is delayed until after 1940.

The seeds of the next depression have already been sown; it is Fortuna, the Goddess of Chance, who will determine who will be in office to reap the whirlwind.

The Novels of E. M. Forster

Austin Warren

The English novel has traditionally admitted of no exact definition, no generic purity. Written by all sorts and conditions of nineteenth-century folk, as was the poetic drama of the Elizabethans, it was designed for as many kinds of readers. The novelist made no pretensions to art; his responsibility to his readers was to offer them a story; apart from that, he might, within the bounds of Victorian taste, provide what *extras* he would: sociological, psychological, moral. Sweeping his puppets aside, he might preach the new ethics, expound the nature of things, prophesy the future actions of his characters or the future of human character; returning to his puppets again, he was free to pass in and out of their minds, now seeing through this pair of subsidiary eyes, now that, now exerting the omniscient vigor of his own.

At the end of the century, the popular novelists continued the practice; but George Moore and Henry James, both of whom were aliens to England, both of whom had been trained in France, felt dissatisfaction at such looseness. The novel, so readily transmutable into illustrated homily on prison reform or the loss of clerical faith, possessed no aesthetic dignity. They busied themselves – James in particular – in erecting an "art of fiction". In this gospel, the chief tenet concerned the "point of view". The novelist must preliminarily decide through whose eyes the proposed narration may, most profitably, be viewed;

or he may decide to use a series of instruments in turn: the ten books of *The Awkward Age* utilize the vision of as many persons. But there must be no mere convenient, unpremeditated transit. Further, the author must rigorously exclude himself as public commentator or "chorus". The only point of view inadmissible is that of the author.

James's technical experiments have, properly, commanded the respect of subsequent artists; and his influence upon them has been impressive. Consciousness of form has marked the work of authors otherwise so various as Gide, Joyce, Hemingway, Mrs. Woolf. *The Counterfeiters* is a novel analyzing the composition of a novel; each section of *Ulysses* employs a different method and a different style; Hemingway has removed from the novel all save its behavioristic element, the dialogue. Mrs. Woolf has subtracted almost all the banks which define the stream of consciousness; she has practised the limited vision, successive instruments of vision: in *The Waves* she has subtracted dialogue and offered a series, symphonically arranged, of interior soliloquies. Her work, like Proust's, like Huxley's *Point Counterpoint*, seems to aim at musical form: a pattern of recurrent and recurrently enriched motifs.

E. M. Forster, a novelist read, in England at least, by those given to following the movements of contemporary literature, has full and appreciative acquaintance with the work of Gide, Proust, Joyce, and Mrs. Woolf; but his personal masters are, rather, Jane Austen, Hardy, Tolstoi, and Dostoevsky. In his *Aspects of the Novel* (1927) he expounds the Jamesian theory only to reject, or to minimize, it. It is dangerous, he thinks, for the writer to take the reader into his confidence about his characters; but "to take your reader into your confidence about the universe is a different thing. It is not dangerous for a novelist to draw back from his characters, as Hardy and Conrad do, and to generalize about the conditions under which he thinks life is carried on". The novelist must not, to display his omniscience concerning the good or bad end to which his characters are progressing, anticipate, publicly, that future of which he must, out of elementary artistic decency, be cognizant. The characters must unfold, the author interpreting their current state of mind or sensibility; he must keep his surprises till they reach, and take on or off their guard, his persons. But it cannot destroy the dramatic illusion that the novelist should, like the philosopher in a drawing-room, articulate such insights, such observations upon humanity at large and life at large, as the conduct of his associates may suggest.

It should be added that if the novelist be a man of wisdom as well as mimetic power, his own personality can assuredly, only with loss, be spared from the *dramatis personae*. He should move among his characters, though certainly not as man among dolls; he should be cast as the most deeply seeing member of the company.

In theory and in practice, Forster is disposed to allow the novelist latitude, not to retrench his ancient liberties. The richness of the novel, for him, lies in the range of levels upon which it moves. There is the "story"; then there are the persons of the story who act and speak; then there is the "inner life" of the characters, to be exposed by the author; and finally there is the philosophic commentary of the author.

Plot, characters, philosophy: each has a life of its own and threatens to expand till it swallows its companions. And the stream of consciousness may, as it swells into the Proustian flood, "bear all its sons away". If the novel restrict itself to action and speech, it does no more than reduplicate – and with the subtraction of mimes present "in person" – the drama, or even the biography. The novel, to avoid being less, must be more.

> A memoir [says Forster] is history, it is based on evidence*. . . . And it is the function of the novelist to reveal the hidden life at its source: to tell us more than could be known. . . . In daily life we never understand each other; neither complete clairvoyance nor complete confessional exists. . . . But people in a novel can be understood completely by the reader, if the novelist wishes; their inner vision as well as their outer life can be exposed.

If, on the other hand, the "inner life" becomes all, then, like some parts of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*, the novel turns into a psychological treatise and the persons evaporate into their constituent moods and sensations. It is a common paradox that a too intense self-consciousness, a self-consciousness divorced from action, dissolves its object and discovers no self at all.

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* Forster's memoir of Lowes Dickinson (1934) is a disappointing performance; and its failure seems due to the sense of constriction felt by a novelist, accustomed to conceiving of a character from within, when he attempts a conscientiously objective biography. Patiently Forster assembles fragments of autobiography, letters, recollected conversations; patiently he summarizes his friend's published works; but he fails to impart flow and unity to the book. Scrupulous for historic veracity, and denying himself the exercise of his imaginative insight, he does not make Dickinson live again.

In *Howard's End*, the Wilcoxes are characterized as people incomplete because they eliminate the personal, cannot say "I"; but Helen Schlegel, over-interested in subconscious self, speaking of mankind as puppets whom an invisible showman twitches into love and war, is herself in danger, as her sister, Forster's approximate spokesman, pointed out, of, though by an opposite method, eliminating the personal.

The novel, to Forster, has then its own function, the art of equilibrium: it must balance the claims of the existence and the essence, of personalities and ideas. Values, for him, are more important than facts; and the real values are personal friendship, intellectual exploration, insight and imagination, the values of the "inner life". But that life cannot exist in a vacuum, bodiless. Observation and interpretation, though high values, are, biologically, parasitic upon action. Forster's own work very satisfyingly preserves this equilibrium both in its mixture of characters and in its own method.

Upon his defense of the novelist as commenator I have remarked. Forster never gives himself Thackeray's or George Eliot's latitude; he writes no chapters which turn out to be essays. Nor has he, like Hardy, a dogmatic philosophy of life which is, serially, to be enforced. "Thoughtful", he is not a thinker.

Even more than drama, the novel is suited to the mind which sees beyond gossip and news but which is unable or unwilling to commit itself to creed. Such a mind habitually generalizes its insights but, through indolence, self-distrust, or scepticism of absolutes, attempts no systematic assemblage of its generalizations; it goes beyond judgements of John and John's attitude toward Jane to thought of types – men like John and men who have such attitudes toward women like Jane; its propositions are not universals about men and women but half-way between John and "all men". Forster's essays, assembled in *Abinger Harvest*, (1936),* make it evident that he has ideas but no "idea", insights but no doctrinal convictions. He somewhere expresses the view that the complexity of the modern world offers to the best-prepared and best-intentioned but an option of alternative visions: seeing life steadily *or* seeing it whole; and his choice is clearly the latter. He is a liberal, who, like Santayana, has the excellent manners, the freedom from exaggerated emphases and extravagant exclusions, of the classicist.

Santayana's *Last Puritan* showed unexpected lapses in comprehension; his catholicity failed to see the "life of reason" in New England Brahminism; but it saw value in man as animal (Lord Jim), as epicure (Peter Alden), as social creature (Mario), as high-minded spectator (Oliver). Forster's range of partial sympathies is even greater. For him, the cardinal virtues are courage, candor, sympathy, insight, disinterestedness; but he can find worth in almost every quality except humbug and muddledom.

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* This stout *olla podrida* will, like the *Dickinson*, disappoint those affectionately addicted to Forster's novels; and certainly its eighty constituent parts should, if their author deemed them all worthy of reprinting, have been collected in five or six thinnish volumes addressed to the wayfarer's pocket rather than the solemn shelves of the library. The two sketches of Howard Sturgis and Ronald Firbank are deft and discerning; "My Wood", a parable on the effects of owning property, is a little masterpiece; "Liberty in England", Forster's address before the International Congress of Writers at Paris, has a finely simple candor and dignity. But too many of the pieces, though stylistically meticulous, offer *bonbon* fare and, read in sequence, produce the impression of a coy sprightliness alien to the spirit of the novels. Without his dramatic masks, pushed to the front of the stage to make his speech, Forster seems to grow timid and self-conscious.

> "People are far more different than is pretended [says wise Margaret Schlegel, who loves her husband, to her sister Helen, an unmarried mother]. All over the world men and women are worrying because they cannot develop as they are supposed to develop. Here and there they have the matter out, and it comforts them. . . . Develop what you have; love your child. I do not love children. I am thankful to have none. And others – others go further still and move outside humanity altogether. . . . It is part of the battle against sameness. Differences – external differences, planted by God in a single family, so that there may always be color; sorrow perhaps, but color in the daily grey."

Only, different as human beings are, they have the common obligation of self-knowledge. Those who "follow neither the heart nor the brain, and march to their destiny by catch-words" are the truly benighted. "The armies are full of pleasant and pious folk. But they have yielded to the only enemy that matters – the enemy within. They have sinned against passion and truth, and vain will be their strife after virtue."

Forster's England is chiefly that of the upper middle classes and the intelligentsia of the Universities and London, an England exempt alike from Lady Catherine de Bourgh and from the sadistic peasants of T. F. Powys, a world set on gold islands raising it about the miserable waves of poverty. From this world, cruelty and lust are almost absent. The vice of the bourgeois, as Arnold and Carlyle never wearied of pointing out, is self-complacent, unimaginative respectability; the vice of the intelligentsia is another form of Pharisee-ism: the snobbery of "culture".

Poor culture! We recall, as one of its exemplars, Miss Austen's Mary Bennett, who, "being the only plain one in the family, worked hard for knowledge and accomplishments, [and] was always impatient for display". In Forster's novels, it is the Rev. Cuthbert Eager at Santa Croce, lecturing to English lady tourists with "prayer books as well as guide-books in their hands"; it is Cecil Vyse, who acknowledges the truth of Lucy's impassioned analysis: "You may understand beautiful things, but you don't know how to see them; and you wrap yourself up in art and books and music, and would try to wrap me up"; or poor lower-class Leonard Bast, who read Mr. Ruskin, spouted R. L. S., tinkled a little Grieg, and "hoped to come to Culture suddenly, much as the Revivalist hopes to come to Jesus". "Culture" is Mr. Bons, the pompous councilman of Surbiton who owns seven copies of Shelley. One of Forster's short fantasies concerns the "Celestial Omnibus", driven now by Sir Thomas Browne, now by Jane Austen, now by Dante, and conducting the candidly imaginative to the land of vicarious experience, where Achilles and Mrs. Gamp and Hamlet and Tom Jones disport themselves companionably. A "boy" makes the journey in innocence, because he is too ignorant and too wise to set the experience down to his "merit"; Mr. Bons, rich in his spiritual possessions and conscious of how they set him above his fellows, invokes the great Dante: "I have honored you. I have quoted you. I have bound you in vellum." But in vain; for literature is the means and not the end, the food, not the life. Poetry is a spirit, not to be won like a degree but to be cherished and fed like a flame. And those who, like Mr. Bons, do not *connect* their ordinary life with their "culture", their prose with their poetry, will, like Mr. Bons, find heaven a precipice and topple into the junk-heap.

Elementary "culture", the pathetic property of the isolatedly unbackgrounded, finds vent in enumerating, with an adjective or two, the books it has read. "Give me a list of books, worth-while ones," it says to the professor; "I want to improve myself." How whimsical Lamb is; Henry James, how subtle. Should I read Thackeray next, or Tolstoi? Culture is a list of books to be read.

Then there is that more rarefied culture which keeps up with all the newest ideas and the latest names, which is allusive and light of touch, which, in order to play dextrously about the peripheral, takes the central for granted — the "clever" culture of people whose life is confined to books, concerts, art shows, and chatter about them. "In spite of the season, Mrs. Vyse managed to scrape together a dinner-party consisting entirely of the grandchildren of famous people. The food was poor, but the talk had a witty weariness. . . . One was tired of everything, it seemed. One launched into enthusiasm only to collapse gracefully, and pick oneself up amid sympathetic laughter."

The genuine thing of which "culture" is the parody or the pastiche finds expression in Cecil and Tibby, more completely in Philip, Ricky Elliott, and Mr. Beebe. These men are all ascetics, scholars, aesthetes; are all, in varying degrees, permanently detached from life, onlookers. They are not, Forster makes clear, capable of passion for women or indeed, perhaps, for persons at all. Tibby is a scholar for whom humanity is tiresome, crude, and, as against the passionless air of knowledge, blurring. Ansell is a professional philosopher, for whom "it was worth while to grow old and dusty seeking for truth though truth is unattainable, restating questions that have been stated at the beginning of the world".

Cecil is a born curator, wrong in seeming to pervert the nature of others, wrong in being so ignorant of his own nature or so insincere as to make love, but in himself a genuine if restricted and indoor person. The Middle Ages would have understood Cecil and have made a place for him. "He was mediaeval . . . well educated, well endowed, and not deficient physically, he remained in the grip of a certain devil whom the modern world knows as self-consciousness, and whom the mediaeval, with dimmer vision, worshipped as asceticism. A Gothic statue implies celibacy, just as a Greek statue implies fruition. . . ." Cecil, in *A Room with a View*, does not fit "Nature": he is a muff at sports; Lucy thinks of him as always in a drawing room, and one with drawn draperies. His one attempt at love-making turns into high, rueful comedy, for self-consciousness makes the whole mechanism of the embrace seem absurd. "As he approached her he found time to wish that he could recoil. As he touched her, his gold pince-nez became dislodged and was flattened between them." Cecil's pince-nez was genuine; his passion was second-hand and temporary.

Yet, ludicrous as this scene displays him, Cecil is absurd only as he pretends to a range of feelings denied him. Forster's books house few "flat" characters, to be summarized in a gesture or a recurrent phrase; when we are just about to catalogue them, they turn toward us another side, a side which surprises us but surprises us in a way which is compatible with their sides being sides of the same person. When Lucy eventually rebels against Cecil's attempt to mold a Vyse out of a Honeychurch, she treats him to a ruthless portrait of himself. He proves unforeseenly noble and straightforward; does not change his character, but for the first time recognizes his type and its tether.

Philip, in *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, is a contemplative of larger stature, drawn – in all probability – from Forster, as Philip Quarles in *Point Counterpoint* is Huxley's self-portrait. The short book is yet long enough to show Philip's growth from a self-conscious rebel against suburbia, who thinks himself, by means of art and a trip to Italy, emancipated from British provincialism, to a man wiser than to mistake countries for spiritual states. Philip becomes capable of imaginative projection out of himself into persons as alien as the son of an Italian dentist; he grows in humanity. But his final triumph is self-awareness; and to this recognition, he, like Cecil, is helped by a woman whom, in his ignorance, he fancies he desires. He sees, "appreciates" all, but cannot act. To Caroline Abbott he confesses:

"You would be surprised to know what my great events are. Going to the theatre yesterday, talking to you now – I don't suppose I shall ever meet anything greater. I seem fated to pass through the world without colliding with it or moving it – and I'm sure I can't tell you whether the fate's good or evil. I don't die – I don't fall in love . . . you are quite right; life to me is just a spectacle."

This is perhaps the best which "culture", single-handed, can achieve. "The best that has been said and thought in the world": to know, with any fullness to "enter into", the thought and experience of Aristotle, Lucretius, Racine, Montaigne, Bossuet, Goethe, Sophocles, Plotinus, Confucius, Aristophanes, Dante. It would be a "task"; the outlines of the knower's personality would grow vague; in his necessarily exhausting greed, he would have no appetite left for life, no capacity for action, no energy for creation. One would be infected with a sense of personal futility. "*Tout est dit: et l'on veut trop tard depuis plus de sept mille ans qu'il y a des hommes, et qui pensent.*"

There are times when, by reaction, Forster turns, temporarily, to primitivism, as Philip turns to Gino, as Ricky turns to that child of Nature, his half-brother, Stephen Wonham. An animal is better than a prig, that parody of the saint; a child is better than a prude. But then he sees, too, the virtues of downright, unashamed, healthy, extrovert Philistines like Henry Wilcox and Son, men who have no intellectual curiosity and no extra-domestic sympathy, can do and build. Himself an habitual dweller in the "inner life", a detached though kindly observer, Forster feels the attraction, as must all half-men not blind to their incompleteness, of his opposites: the child, the animal, the Philistine. Himself English, he has experienced the fascination not only of Italy but of Italians – warm, spontaneous, untroubled by scrupulosity or the miasma of introspection, affectionate by impulse, not at the mandate of duty.

But Forster's humanity will know all: the earth, passion and friendship, thirst for the truth and hunger for the Absolute. For him, the "Greek view of life" is the right one; and the problem of morality is not to set mind against body or soul against either, not to antithesize but to reconcile, to effect by proportion and subordination a harmony, a synthesis. In technical language, Forster must be described as a naturalist; but, he is a "naturalist" with wings and humanistic manners and balancing perceptions, one who believes that everything ideal has a natural basis and that nothing in nature is incapable of an ideal fulfillment.

Is this balance attainable by the individual? That is to ask whether the individual can exemplify the universal man; and the answer seems clear: never completely; often not at all. Yet it is an undeniable nisus of large natures. Forster's character who most closely approaches universality is Margaret Schlegel: for all her own personal mark and stamp, she can comprehend natures so diverse from her own as Mrs. Wilcox, Helen, and Henry; and she achieves the triumph of not only marrying but achieving a genuine union with a Philistine. And there is Forster's friend and hero, Lowes Dickinson, who admired the versatility of Goethe, who himself longed to be a poet, a scientist, and a dominating figure in European politics, yet, who, doomed to dondom, expanded his vision through his friendships with men of affairs and philosophers and painters. "He solved his particular problem in later life by developing the power of entering into other people's positions while he retained his own. . . ."

The solution, according to Forster, is not what commonly passes for the golden mean. His humanist, Mr. Jackson, warns Ricky that the Greeks were not broad-church clergymen, that Sophocles was not a kind of enlightened bishop. Nor is the golden mean what so often passes for it — tepidity, or compromise, or apathetic good-humor.

> The business man who assumes that this life is everything, and the mystic who asserts that it is nothing, fail, on this side and on that, to hit the truth. "Yes, I see, dear; it's about halfway between," [the Schlegels'] Aunt Juley had hazarded in earlier years. No; truth, being alive, was not half-way between anything. It was only to be found by continuous excursions into either realm, and though proportion is the final secret, to espouse it at the outset is to insure sterility.

One must agree with Forster that much which passes for the mean is not virtue. There is no merit in low vitality, intellectual or moral indolence, unwillingness to pursue to its end any sequence of thinking, cowardice in neglecting to take one's stand. To be moderate is not glibly to utter, "There's good in all the churches" and forthwith to give up definition and distinction. Moderation is an achievement, not an endowment. As Aristotle expounds the mean, its pursuit necessitates the exercise of the will, checking this excessive impulse and that disorderly propensity; and the really central man must have a passion for proportion.

The doctrine of the mean needs a thoroughgoing re-examination, beyond the bounds surveyed by Aristotle; and so with the cognate doctrine of proportion. G. K. Chesterton seemed to think that equilibrium was the character of a sound society, like that of the Middle Ages, when the monk was bidden to be as pacific as possible and the knight to be as warlike as he could; and such a conception finds support in Plato's *Republic*. Or shall we say that every man must seek to realize equilibrium in himself? This was undoubtedly the doctrine of the *honnête homme*; but, outside the confines of a leisure class, it is almost impossible to apply.

One might, of course, chart out his day so that all the chief values received representation; one might do his "daily dozen" at calisthenics and dialectics and social intercourse and prayer. Gamaliel Bradford's meticulous regimen gave a half hour to French, another to Greek, another to the piano, till a brief period was tendered to each knowledge or skill which he would retain. But this seems somewhat mechanical as well as meticulous; and it seems doubtful whether, unless one is under monastic rule and the chief end is discipline of the will, it is the wisest course. Sustained concentration yields a depth not to be attained by short visits; a week of solitude and hard thinking or writing, followed by a week of society (with a capital letter or a small) might be a kind of balance more appropriate to the life of a professional man and more profitable. Is proportion to be thought of in terms of the day, the year, or the lifetime?

Forster votes for the last of these conceptions; and, by his passage from mysticism to politics and back again, his youthful thrusts into many directions, his subsequently mellow maturity, Lowes Dickinson, who said, "I shall be at my best in old age", best illustrates Forster's thesis that "proportion is the final secret".

Common to Dickinson and Forster is the belief that reason is neither the foundation (which is animal faith) nor the spire (which is intuition). "It is difficult for most of us to realize both the importance and unimportance of reason. But it is a difficulty which the profounder humanists have managed to solve." Complete rationalism, like glaring sunlight, dries up the vegetation. Complete credulity produces so lush, so rank a growth of vegetation that the human way is lost, the human stature dwarfed. The lamp-lit table is surrounded by darkness, an unknown to be neither apostasized nor ignored. What science and intellect can tell us can be said; the rest, which, too, must be articulated, craves utterance in myth, symbol, song. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy" is the burden of both Dickinson and Forster; only the emphasis shifts, as the human or historical context seems to require, between that on the things undreamt of and that on the things ascertained. The friends are equally fearful that science will exterminate poetry and that faith will darken knowledge.

Forster's first three novels, *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905), *The Longest Journey* (1907), and *A Room with a View* (1908), keep to the sunlight of realism. The first and the third are high comedy, though a comedy more sensitive and individuated than the type "humors" of Jonson and Molière.

With *Howard's End* (1910), Forster introduces what his friend Dickinson called the "double vision", the sense of this world and a world or worlds behind. *A Passage to India* (1924) came between two volumes of fantasies, *The Celestial Omnibus* (1923) and *The Eternal Moment* (1928). In all these works, there is an element which might vaguely be called mystical, the brooding presence of worlds unreachable by the ordinary faculties of the mind; there are hints, glimpses, intimations given by intuition. Yet these are not to be thought of as breakings-in of a supernatural discretely separate from this world, and no theology is adumbrated. Sometimes they suggest abnormal psychology, psychic powers rarely possessed; sometimes they are fanciful, symbolical expositions of the nature of things. Several of the tales represent an imagined future life which mythically depicts the real values attainable now.

In none of his tales does Forster attempt to suggest a diabolic supernatural; and in all save the frankly parabolic sketches of the "future life" he restricts himself to what, in action, belongs to the normal. He has written no *Lady into Fox*, that unmoral fantasy which is reputed to have disturbed Mr. Asquith because, at the end of the story, no reverse metamorphosis occurred. Nor has he used Hawthorne's sometimes mechanical method of supplying alternatives, natural and magical: Donatello had, or had not, the ears of a faun; there was, or was not, an actual scarlet letter visibly incised on Dimmesdale's breast, or visible as portent in the heavens. The element of fantasy, with Forster, is conveyed not through a mechanism but through a coloring, the superimposition upon matter of fact existence of, if not the white light of eternity, then some blue light of "value" which retains the familiar landscape but adds an arresting strangeness.

Two tales, "The Eternal Moment" and "The Road from Colonus" contrast existence and reality: all that matters in life may happen in a day or an hour; and even the experiencer may afterwards forget this moment of supreme meaning. Sometimes the tale presents, in heightened contrast, the opposition between sense and sensibility, Philistinism even of the kind which teaches Virgil or quotes Dante, and the impractical romantic, who may not have read the poets but who, by endowment, sees into the life of things. Mr. Worters, the Englishman of great possessions, with "public-school" pretensions to culture and spirituality, owns a copse of beeches which he provides with fences and neat paths and a bridge, all the accouterments proper to destroy its small wildness, apprehended so lovingly by his fiancée and an inefficient youth. Convinced that "culture" may mask imaginative vacuity, the girl runs off into the woods. On The Other Side of the Hedge "from the world of unanalyzed efficiency and uncritical belief in 'progress' lies the world of leisure and enjoyment". "Where does this place lead to?" "Nowhere, thank the Lord." It would be heavy-footed to bear down on these tales as so many escapes, frequently as, within them, occurs a flight. Escape is a form of criticism in these tales; and the terminus of the flight contrasts a superior value to the inferior value of the starting-point. In essence, the tales are all parables addressed to the Philistine who, like Mr. Wilcox, fails to "connect" prose and poetry, who has never seen that art and religion, if confined to museums and churches, are never really found; that they interpenetrate life, and must be apprehended, by appreciating and believing in the spirit which prompted the painter and the saint.

In both *Howard's End* and *A Passage to India*, the central figure is that of an old woman of no cleverness and no articulateness who appears on the scene but briefly, yet whose influence — or, rather, whose presence — is intended to pervade the book. Mrs. Wilcox and Mrs. Moore are two studies of the same type. Both have, intermittently, telepathic and clairvoyant power. Mrs. Wilcox, recognizing in Margaret Schlegel a spiritual heir to her own feelings for her country home, bequeathes it on an unsigned scrap of paper; the sensible Wilcoxes, knowing the testament to possess no legal validity and thinking the act was of momentary aberration, pay no heed to it. But Margaret, without design or intent becomes the second Mrs. Wilcox, comes (in spite of many obstacles) to live at Howard's End, and, on the last page of the novel, learns by chance, from her husband, that Howard's End had been left her. Says Margaret to her sister:

> "I feel that you and I and Henry are only fragments of that woman's mind. She knows everything. She is everything. She is the house, and the tree that leans over it. People have their own deaths as well as their own lives, and even if there is nothing beyond death, we shall differ in our nothingness. I cannot believe that knowledge such as hers will perish with knowledge such as mine. She knew about realities."

Mrs. Moore visits India, where her son is a British official; shortly after her arrival, she goes into a mosque to enjoy God's presence, falls into conversation with a young Moslem physician, journeys to the Malabar Hills on an excursion arranged by the Moslem, during the course of which she is made ill by the echoes in the caves and her son's fiancée has the hallucination of having been assaulted by the Moslem host. She refuses to testify at the momentous trial of the Indian, and leaves the country, dying on the journey; but she has vastly impressed the sensitive, whether Western or Eastern, who knew her; no presence is so real at the trial as hers; her name becomes Indianized into Esmiss Esmoor and reverberates, like that of a Hindu goddess, through the crowd; votive tombs spring up; she is accepted as a Westerner who, alone, comprehended the East, who was indeed an Oriental; the goodness of Mrs. Moore, which had amounted to nothing more tangible than her love, survived – in the heart of the Moslem Aziz – the bitter abandonment of all traffic with the English. Like Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Moore "knew".

How did these women know, and what did they know? The answers are left vague. Mrs. Wilcox loved the soil and the garden and her house; she was a goddess of place, a local spirit in whom, apparently, the personal was transcended. There is, Forster seems to say, the level of consciousness and selfhood, to which some human beings never ascend (those who cannot say "I") and there is a level above the personal which looks down upon it with loving impersonality. Mrs. Moore, without any practical knowledge of how to bring about a political union of the many contending, contentious sects of Indians, or how to reconcile the Indians and their imperial masters, affirms the oneness of all humanity. In both women, there are elements of what Forster, in his *Aspects of the Novel*, calls the prophetic.

The center of *A Passage*, structurally and psychologically, is the excursion to the Malabar Caves. The drama of the novel, the trial, springs from it; but what happened there affected, permanently, the lives of all the excursionists. Dickinson, as well as others, asked Forster, What really happened in the caves? The author does not say — not, I think, for the reasons which led Hawthorne to leave so much in *The Marble Faun* mysterious as to add a bungling postscript, but because he has made it sufficiently clear that no assault on Adela took place: what happened, to Adela and to Mrs. Moore, was the hysterical experience of the caves, bare, dark, echoing. The echo is that of eternity, infinity, the Absolute, which for optimistic Pope and Shaftesbury may seem to say:

All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good. . . .

To fatigued Mrs. Moore, it, on the contrary, murmured:

> "Pathos, piety, courage — they exist, but are identical, and so is filth. Everything exists; nothing has value." If one had spoken vileness in that place, or quoted lofty poetry, the comment would have been the same — *ou-boum*. . . . Religion appeared, poor little talkative Christianity, and she knew that all its divine words from "Let there be Light" to "It is finished" only amounted to "boum". . . . She had come to that state where the horror of the universe and its smallness are both visible at the same time — the twilight of the double vision in

which so many elderly people are involved. If this world is not to our taste, well, at all events there is Heaven, Hell, Annihilation. . . . All heroic endeavor, and all that is known as art, assumes that there is such a background, just as all practical endeavor, when the world is to our taste, assumes that the world is all. But in the twilight of the double vision, a spiritual muddledom is set up for which no high-sounding words can be found; we can neither act nor refrain from action, we can neither ignore nor respect Infinity. . . . Visions are supposed to entail profundity but – Wait till you get one, dear reader! The abyss also may be petty, the serpent of eternity made of maggots. . . .

The Absolute may be a Demon.

The bifocal difficulty escapes the Hindu by virtue of his pantheism and his asceticism; it escapes the Chinese humanist by virtue of mundanity. But Christianity has deliberately proclaimed an Eternal entering the Time Process, an Incarnation of the Word; and the problem of Christian philosophy has all along been that of bringing into one vision, without blurring either focus, the smallness and the greatness of man. Pelagianism and Jansenism, and all the ancient and modern equivalents of these heresies: what are they but the oscillating emphases upon the one vision and the other?

The sceptical blight which descended, as infernal vision, upon Mrs. Moore is possible, doubtless, only to one reared in the Christian tradition. It is the so desolating scepticism which insinuates that human values have no basis in the nature of things; that our moral distinctions are factitious; that the universe mocks sinner and saint alike; that both our aspirations and our intellections are folly in the presence of the blind if not malevolent destiny which begat us.

Mrs. Moore's first sentiment in India was to feel the unity of all religions; her second, to feel the futility of all. Upon all save the steadiest and most comprehensive of minds, the effect of sojourn *in partibus infidelium* must produce bland tolerance, or insular bigotry, or the reduction of all morality to *mores*. The older generation of missionaries to India were, like the English civil officials, too little given to distinguishing between what was British and what was Christian, too contemptuously intolerant of alien faiths; the newest generation suffers from the opposite danger of making too few discriminations. The echoes from the caves of cosmopolitanism say, with sentimentality or with cynicism, all moralities and all religions stand on the same footing, of priest-craft, ruler-craft, tradition, custom; the serpent of eternity whispers, Ye shall be like gods, knowing not good from evil.

In his life of Dickinson, Forster affirms that his two visits to India were "wonderful" by reason of the happiness and peacefulness he found, and he disagrees with his friend's judgement that "There is no solution to the problem of governing India. Our presence is a curse both to them and to us. Our going will be worse." Yet, in his candor, the novelist has offered testimony to this painful conclusion. Even such English "liberals" as Fielding and Adela and such a well-intentioned Indian as Aziz fail of mutual understanding. Between the masses of rulers and ruled, but hostility and suspicion exist. And, divided by their religions, Moslem, Hindu, Sikh, Jain, the Indians cannot achieve unity. The novel ends on this note.

Fielding, leaving India, lands at Venice; and he contrasts romantic India with classical Europe, "the civilization that has escaped muddle". "The Mediterranean is the human norm. When men leave that exquisite lake, whether through the Bosphorus or the Pillars of Hercules, they approach the monstrous and extraordinary. . . ."

Yet the novel offers no unabated hopelessness. Mrs. Moore and her younger children, who share something of her nature, do reach if not intellectually comprehend this alien world. For Forster himself, personal relationships are precious; and he seems to say that, though race cannot understand race, yet individuals can pass the barriers and establish an intuitive communion.

In *A Passage*, as in his two novels laid, in part, in Italy, Forster shows an extraordinary capacity for disinterested and impartial observation which plays alike over Indians, Italians, and English; and his "Notes on English Character", the inaugural essay in *Abinger Harvest* (1936), offers supplementary evidence.

The English, says Forster, are essentially middle-class and "public-school", not unfeeling but afraid to feel, not unemotional but slow of emotional response, moral rather than religious, self-complacent, muddle-headed. The English character is not vicious and not really cold but it is incomplete. But then, "No national character is complete. We have to look for some qualities in one part of the world and others in another." This perception of national incompleteness gives Forster the basis for the delicious and never ill-humored satire with which he treats the more ludicrous complications of international misunderstanding.

The position from which the satire is urged is that of complete and balanced human nature which has never been incarnated in race nor even in individual, but which the novelist, like the critic, can imaginatively conceive. Indeed Forster's novels emanate from a large-spirited humanity and a fine poise. Without bigotry or bitterness, he has endeavored to attain wholeness and steadiness of vision; his passion is for dispassionate comprehension.

Neither at wholeness nor at steadiness does he completely succeed. There are wide and deep lacunae in his experience and in his novels: except for the Basts, he does not deal with the "lower classes"; from poverty, hunger, lust, and hate, his people are absolved. Love between the sexes, treated sympathetically as a fact, is never explored and is central to none of his novels. Except in *A Passage to India*, the individual is not portrayed in relation to society: the Church and the State, institutions, causes which engage men and move them out of themselves, communal propulsions, do not stir his self-aware individuals.

Forster's sense of the "double vision" gives him distinction, allows him that modulation from crisp, dry comedy to a delicate feeling for the pathos of things, the passage from prose to poetry and back again which is his prime ability. But the gift has its perils; and he does not always succeed in keeping the two worlds in proper focus. *Howard's End*, in many respects his most mellow and mature performance, fails centrally, just here. The titular theme of *genius loci* is too vague, too pseudo-mystical to bear the weight placed upon it, just as Mrs. Wilcox, who embodies it and is intended to pervade the novel, does not succeed in doing so. Sometimes Forster's sallies into the land behind reason bring him only to the "misty mid-region of Weir", the realm of romantic fantasy, of the earlier Yeats. In *A Passage to India*, on the other hand, the "double vision" operates satisfactorily and gives a sense of depth and perspective lacking to flatter canvasses. The two worlds need not, however, appear explicitly. In the earlier novels, prose and comedy hold the stage; the "poetry" is in the imaginative lighting of the action. His adjustments are various and varyingly successful; and he never arrives at a philosophical reconciliation of reason and intuition, comedy and symbolism; but his constant consciousness of levels, levels of experience and of knowledge, gives the vibration of life to his work.

His production has been sparse – five novels in a lifetime; it is unlikely that there will be more. Except for *A Passage to India*, the ostensible subject of which attracted attention, his work has had no popularity; yet he has not become the object of cult acclaim. Witty, sensitive, adept at epigrams and metaphors which make the mind smile with delight, he never becomes precious; his defects and mild perversities he conceals rather than obtrudes; conscious eccentricities he has not. Though he lacks power, the deficiency is felt only upon retrospect; for his subtleties, instead of springing apart as separate perceptions, cohere and reticulate into substance. Aided as he is by the preservative of style, it seems impossible that his modulated tones will not survive some of the more strident voices of the day, that his novels will not take their place with those of Jane Austen, Turgenev, and Hawthorne.

The Religious Dissension of Babbitt and More

G. R. Elliott

In reading the excellent essays written upon Irving Babbitt after his death by two old friends of his, Paul E. More and W. F. Giese, I was struck by a curious point of contrast. More says of Babbitt as a graduate student at Harvard: "I can remember him stopping before a church in North Avenue and, with a gesture of bitter contempt, exclaiming, 'There is the enemy! there is the thing I hate!' Undoubtedly that sentiment was softened as time went on . . . but it never disappeared." Now, if such intense hostility to the Church was characteristic of Babbitt in his graduate days, surely it would have appeared also in his undergraduate years. For it is then, usually, that youthful hatred of the Church is most assured and declarative. But nothing of this appears in Professor Giese's careful, as well as humorous and charming, record of "Irving Babbitt, Undergraduate";* though the author stresses Babbitt's inclination to supernaturalism during his four undergraduate years at Harvard.

Quite mystified, I wrote a questioning letter to Professor Giese. He replied in part as follows:

> More's quotation, "There is the enemy" . . . puzzled me quite as much as it does you. The North Avenue Church, which I.B. and I must have sauntered past a few hundred times, seemed in my day to find in him neither

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* The American Review, November, 1935.

a friend nor a foe. His attitude appeared only aloof and indifferent. For example he was given to quoting a number of the heretical utterances of Emerson about the narrowness, the dogmatic rigidities, the inanity and ineffectiveness of the Church – the "pulverization" of its doctrines and the ideas that would "make the conventicles groan". But all this seemed to me dissent rather than outright hostility. I should incline to think that the more lively hostility that More surprised in him was an expression of that profound disgust which Babbitt felt at the substitution of humanitarian preoccupations in the contemporary church for genuinely religious ones. That weakness of Protestantism Babbitt used to descant on not a little when I first knew him, just as he did later. I never felt that he at any time, early or late, exceeded these limits or condemned the Church except for its worldliness, much as he disliked its obscurantism.

That, I am sure, is a very accurate account of Babbitt's characteristic attitude towards the Church. "However," Professor Giese adds, "I drew him out very little on those matters; while More evidently discussed them to a finish in his talks with him." The phrase "to a finish" is right. Those of us who had personal relations with both More and Babbitt can testify that each of them served to accentuate the other's point of view. In their discussions they sharpened their wits upon each other; they sharpened their agreements as well as their differences. They abetted each other stoutly from first to last in forcing upon the attention of a hostile age certain deep ethical principles. But – such is the way of strenuous thinkers – the very intensity of that moral agreement heightened the intensity of their religious discord, heightened it "to a finish". This fact has to be borne in mind in reading

More's memorial paper on his friend; now included, by a mournful irony of fate, in his own last volume.* He confided to various persons that in writing it he took extraordinary pains to avoid saying anything that might appear at all unfair. And the essay is not only careful: it is warmly inspired. It is a rare union of acute criticism with magnanimous appreciation; it is indeed one of the most attractive of all More's writings. But, inevitably, he presents Babbitt's religious views in a categorical way which is on the whole more precise than accurate.

He contends that Babbitt believed in the supernatural but not in the superhuman; pointing out that his writings never draw a clear distinction between those two; and alleging that in Buddhism, by which he was much influenced, "the supernatural is, properly speaking, not superhuman". Probably this allegation would not be accepted by some students of Buddhism. But in any case it does not follow that Babbitt absolutely rejected the superhuman – insisted, that is, on submerging God in the supernatural "storey" of the nature of man. I know from my own conversations with Babbitt that he certainly did not do this. But I can well imagine that he would make a strong appearance of doing so in his disputations with More. In the course of his essay on his friend, More defines religion, over against Babbitt's humanism, as "an attempt to live in a plane where the supernatural departs from the natural into its own citadel of imperturbable peace". Well, I can hear, not without silent laughter, Babbitt's fulminations against such transcendentalism. I can see him thrusting his jaw towards More while astringently emphasizing an "ethical will" that is *not* superhuman, in the sense that it does not seek to escape the world by departing "from the natural into its own citadel of imperturbable peace".

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* *On Being Human*, New Shelburne Essays, Vol. III (Princeton University Press, 1936).

As for More's picture of Babbitt as a young college graduate giving vent to a bitter hatred of the Church, I must advance the hypothesis that this unusual outbreak was due to some provocative speech uttered by More himself but not recalled by him. For, as noted elsewhere by More, Babbitt's reactions were sometimes so overpoweringly vivid that they printed themselves on one's memory to the entire exclusion of what one had said by way of provoking them. But in any case the picturesque outburst of the youthful Babbitt against the North Avenue Church was momentary and exceptional; though naturally it seemed to More thoroughly characteristic, especially when he looked back upon it from his later standpoint of absolute Catholic dogma. Like Professor Giese and others, I found in Babbitt's talk, as in his writings, a very critical but never fundamentally hostile attitude towards the Church. He talked about it as I suppose Socrates might have talked if he had been a Harvard professor nineteen centuries after Christ; with the Protestant Reformation instead of the Homeric Age four or five hundred years behind him; and, close at hand, Emersonianism, instead of the humane mythology of the great age of Athens. In other words Babbitt maintained in modern Yankee garb the age-old bearing of the humanist, or man of critical good sense, in respect to organized religion.

But I must confess that at one time I harbored a doubt of Babbitt's consistency in this matter. Stirred by a rumor set on foot by his controversy with More, I wrote to him – as American citizens write to Presidential candidates – demanding a black-and-white statement of policy on a certain point. He replied, October 4th, 1929: "I agree with you that humanism should not be presented as a substitute for religion or as including religion. The notion you seem to ascribe to me that 'organic Christianity is done with' I should regard as the height of presumption. I am much concerned with building up and fortifying the third storey of my edifice." (First storey, naturalism; second, humanism; third, religion.) "I am, however, unable to assume a definitely theological position along Anglican lines; and I fear that nothing short of this would satisfy you and P.E.M., in his latest phase." The final clause of this pronouncement may be termed a countercheck courteous, penned with tongue somewhat in cheek: Babbitt knew that I did not see eye to eye with "P.E.M." For P. E. More, after cross-examining me by word of mouth and by mail as to my "theological position along Anglican lines", had pronounced me a heretic. Thus I came between the incensed points of mighty opposites; like plenty of others who refused to take sides definitively in the religious dissension of "B & M".

"B & M" – thus some of their admirers abbreviated their names in the considerable correspondence evoked by their disputes. And that abbreviation, belonging as it does also to a well-known American railroad, struck me as a happy symbol of the mental habit of both of them. One day when Babbitt was talking to me about his friend with affectionate and extremely generous admiration, he concluded: "But as for More's theology – have you ever happened to watch him walking along the street? He marches ahead in a straight line, never looking to right or left; and that's the way he thinks." This seemed to me a pretty good description of Babbitt's thinking also: it went straight ahead like a railway. In some ways, to be sure, he was more circumspect than More, notably in regard to theology. In this field More was trying to build tracks, forward from Plato, and back (let's say) from Princeton, to fifth-century Chalcedon, that grand central station. But both "B & M", accelerated by the impulsion of their divergence from each other, passed by at express speed a certain medial station in religion which, since the later nineteenth century, has been coming more and more to the fore.

At present its least misleading label is Liberal Catholicism. This term, to be sure, has sheltered a large variety of experimental and sometimes hopelessly heretical notions. But the main intent of the movement is the gradual building up of a modern Christian orthodoxy. That is, a religious outlook based upon the most catholic ideas and, especially, the most catholic experience and conduct discoverable in the world, no matter when or where. Discoverable supremely and awfully, however, in the words and life of Jesus Christ; and best maintained, very generally speaking, by the doctrines and practices of Christian Catholicism; which of course are not confined to those branches of the Church that wear the name of Catholic. Obviously Liberal Catholicism is an evolution from, not a revolution against, traditional Catholicism. But Catholicism ceases to be catholic in so far as it clings to concepts that are at variance with the continual revelation of truth in life. The Liberal Catholic holds the conviction that truth, like life, is never miraculous in the sense of "unnatural" or "lawbreaking". He holds this conviction, not because it is modern, but because it is catholic. He rejects as uncatholic the modern notion that the deepest laws of life are comprehensible (not just apprehensible) by the human mind, are clearer now than ever before, and are to be opposed to the Christian revelation. He rejects so-called "Modernism" in religion, whether Protestant or Catholic. But he knows that the doctrines and practices of the Church must be modernly revised.

That summary of the Liberal Catholic position, which I suppose has had its fullest scope so far in the Anglican Communion, is certainly very inadequate. But it will serve for my present purpose, which is to point out that this position was not taken into account, properly and critically, by our two leading American critics, Babbitt and More. They passed it by on the other side – on opposite sides from each other. More, however, in the upshot, gave it a wider berth than Babbitt. Such at least is my opinion, paradoxical as it may seem to some, and as it would certainly seem to Babbitt and More themselves. My own experience of them in this matter is typical enough to be recounted without apology; incidentally it is not unamusing.

Each of them said to me, separately, these identic words: "I cannot see how you can call yourself an Anglican." But Babbitt meant, "Aren't you embarrassed?" More meant, "I am sure you are wrong." He said, in effect: "You and others like you are really breaking away from the Anglican and Catholic form of the Christian faith, but you refuse to face this fact, thus deceiving yourselves and others." Now, More's own religious views were in many ways liberal and in a few points, I believe, decidedly heretical (which sounds, of course, like tit for tat). But in certain respects which seemed to him fundamental his standpoint was opposed uncompromisingly to that, I should say, of Liberal Catholicism, though he himself would not put the matter that way. He believed that his standpoint was as liberal as was possible without ceasing to be Catholic.

But it is with Babbitt's case that I am here mainly concerned. He said to me, in effect: "Of course, these matters are outside my province, but I find it hard to understand how anyone holding your very modern views can go in for the creeds and exercises of the Episcopal Church." I tried hard on various occasions to unravel this mystery for him, but he kept me explaining my explanations and the process had no end. At times I fancied that he was grasping my point of view, but soon some or other remark would make me see that (in a phrase from Frost's poetry) his mind had let go of it. Once he informed me that the species of Christianity with which he had been "surrounded" during his boyhood in the Middle West had alienated him from ecclesiastical forms of worship. "But apparently," he added, comically trying to subdue the irony in his voice and eyes, "your luck has been much better."

By temperament and circumstance, though not at all "in principle" (as the diplomats say), he was averse to the Anglican Communion. And I found that he had practically no acquaintance with the considerable literature of Liberal Catholicism. Otherwise he might have discovered that this movement had much in common with his own humanism, particularly with his doctrines of the religious imagination and the higher will. Also he would have found that the direction of that movement was away from the kind of Christology which More had come to consider essential but which he himself was far from able to accept. In spirit, More was further from the Liberal Catholic outlook, and Babbitt closer to it, than either of them realized.

So far as I could discover, the only modern theological books with which Babbitt was really familiar were those of More! This situation seemed to me at once natural and odd, amusing and pathetic. Natural enough was his lack of familiarity with theology in general. It was outside his "field of concentration", as the phrase runs in our American universities; and owing to Harvard – and Babbitt – his leisure was abnormally slight. But it was natural that he should make an exception in favor of the work of More, his old friend and new theological enemy. However, it was very unfortunate that he should miss the significance of such religious writers as Von Hügel and A. E. Taylor – his contemporaries and, I think, his natural allies – while studying the later books of More with an extreme though antagonistic deference. In conversation he would praise with bated breath More's ability as writer and thinker – then sharply attack his latest point of view. "But as for you Episcopalians," he would say to me with grave reproach, "you ought to regard More as a new tower of strength to your cause." He could not forgive the failure of the Anglican Communion to welcome with great *éclat* the accession of More to the fold. And he was inclined to deem that failure typical – one more instance of a certain dubiety in the Anglican position, of a certain lack of grip and force in the Anglican mentality. He could not see how the new Anglican, More, could be less important than the lifelong Roman Catholic, Von Hügel, for current Anglican thought, or, more widely speaking, for Liberal Catholicism.

From such enigmas his mind would turn with relief to the spectacle of the Roman Catholic Church with its clear-cut dogmas and wide social efficiency. He contrasted it, to its great advantage, with the Orthodox Church of the East, which had made such a dreadful mess of things in Russia. As for the great Christian federation that might in time ensue from the growing rapprochement of the Anglican and Orthodox Communions – well, we must hope for the best. Babbitt did not (T. S. Eliot to the contrary) place all the hopes of humanity on one institution, the Roman Catholic Church. I recall his swift rebuke of a person who asserted in his presence that the Protestant churches were doomed. Such a pronunciamento, he said, was highly presumptuous; such an attitude of mind was far from humanistic. His point was simply that, so far, the Roman Catholic Church had shown more capacity than other religious bodies to face social reality and to uphold civilized standards. However, it is undeniable that his admiration for that church as a working institution helped to confirm his opinion that Christian doctrine, to be workable, had to be old-fashioned.

This opinion appears in certain passages of his posthumous volume, *The Dhammapada, Translated from the Pāli with an Essay on Buddha and the Occident.* But before dealing with those passages I must remark upon the very special value of this book as a whole. For those who read between the lines it reveals more intimately than Babbitt's previous works the things by which he daily lived. His translation of the ancient poem – the Buddha's Sermon on the Mount, as it has been called – throws its English predecessors into the shade. They suffer heavily from romantic coloration. His version, though sometimes awkward, has a powerful simplicity that takes hold of the reader and does not let him go. The prose in which the old verses are rendered is a fine kind of modern poetic prose; though that statement would doubtless surprise Babbitt himself. Aiming only at truth, he here attains poetry also. The spectacle of Babbitt in this rôle is striking and refreshing; but only on the surface is it strange and surprising. Babbitt the man had a richer love of poetry than Babbitt the critic could show. And this beautiful translation is the natural result of his close familiarity with Buddhist scriptures; it is the ripe fruit of long love and deep conviction.

The poem prepares the reader happily for the ensuing essay on "Buddha and the Occident". The essay is a final fusion of the many thoughts on this subject that run through Babbitt's works. It is packed, sometimes repetitious and clumsy, but on the whole profound and indispensable. It shows the great service that Buddhistic ideas can render to thoughtful persons in the West at the present crisis of our civilization. More engagingly, it reveals, between the lines, when studied in close connection with his rendering of the

Dhammapada, how much the Buddha meant to the author himself.

As for the religious bearing of the essay, some readers will decide – sadly if they are Christians, gladly if they are anti-Christians – that the author's deep-laid design is to promote Buddhism at the expense of Christianity. That sort of reader cannot be helped. It is clear enough to an unprejudiced reader that the writer's main intention, as indicated by his closing sentence, is to bring out what those two religions have deeply in common. Also he wishes to show how the Buddha's way of thought may act as a corrective for popular Christianity. No doubt this secondary aim is developed disproportionally; but naturally, in view of the fact that the author is first and last a critic; and helpfully, in view of the present problems of Christendom. These considerations ought to be borne in mind while contemplating the three passages which I am going to quote below. For the sake of fairness they ought to be read in their context (see page 80). But my present purpose requires me to extract them and to append some critical remarks.

(1) "It is hard to see how one can affirm, on strictly experimental grounds, a personal God and personal immortality. If a man feels that these tremendous affirmations are necessary for his spiritual comfort, he should turn to dogmatic and revealed religion which alone can give them." Of course, the words "personal" and "comfort" have each a higher and a lower sense which are not considered by the writer. But my main point is that the words "experimental" and "revealed" are thrown into a false, obsolescent opposition. *Experimental revelation*, so to call it, is the

ground of the two "tremendous affirmations" mentioned by the writer. They would better be termed "dim but vital instincts". Certainly they are not *given*, as Babbitt puts it, by dogmatic religion. This merely formulates them.

(2) "What one is able to affirm without going beyond immediate experience and falling into dogma is, in Arnold's phrase, a great power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, a phrase that reminds one of Buddha's conception of the *dhamma*, or human law, as one may render it, in contradiction to the law of physical nature." Certainly "immediate experience", when it is authoritative, affirms that moral "power" or "*dhamma*". But to claim as Babbitt does that immediate experience cannot also affirm divine personality, that this belongs only to the sphere of dogma, is to weaken the authority of immediate experience; thus weakening, implicitly, its affirmation of moral law. Immediate experience, when it is entire, affirms a Being that is at once Personality and Law, in the highest sense of these two words.

(3) "Not being able to find any personality human or divine superior to his own, Buddha got his humility, as he himself tells us, by looking up to the Law." No irony, unfortunately, is intended here. The writer unwittingly makes us feel the limitation of the Buddhistic kind of humility. Certainly it is great and true so far as it goes; this is what one feels in reading the Dhammapada, particularly the present version. But the Buddha's humility is really an abstraction from entire religious humility; just as his supernatural Law is an abstraction from the complete Supernature, wherein Law has life more abundantly. Only when the divine

life is experienced as in the highest sense personal, can human persons look up to it with entire humility.

In short, those three passages are very far from Babbitt's best. They seem to me so outstandingly naïve and weak in comparison with the rest of the essay that I must believe they are due to the heat of his contention with More. Heat checks light when close friends differ. The increasing warmth of More's criticism of Buddhistic thought led Babbitt to make uncircumspect assertions on behalf of it. And, as previously noted, Babbitt believed that the Christian Gospel according to Paul E. More was far more canonical than it really is. In passages (1) and (2) above, the sharp (yet obtuse) opposition between "dogmatic and revealed religion" on the one hand and, on the other, "experimental" or "immediate" experience, is quite in line with More's theological thought. But while More harshly subordinated experience to ancient Christian dogma, Babbitt strove to fortify experience by delimiting and hardening its bounds over against dogma. His stand in this matter was far more occasional than More's; not essential to his main position; comparatively tentative. Hence he begins in passage (1) with the saving, or somewhat saving, clause "It is hard to see. . . ." More, I think, would have written "It is impossible to see. . . ." Otherwise, however, that first sentence might just as well have been penned by More as by Babbitt. Its thought, misleading and antiquated, was one which the two friends, arguing face to face on opposite sides of the fence, helped each other to maintain. In short, a considerable price had to be paid, religiously, for their superb moral cooperation.

"Count Your Dead: They Are Alive!"

Wyndham Lewis's New Tract for the Times

It is a great misfortune that the sales of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's books in America do not, apparently, warrant the publication here of more than a small proportion of them. An autobiographical volume is announced for issuance here next season, and will no doubt be extremely interesting; but in this last year three books from Mr. Lewis have appeared in England for which no American publisher has been found — to our great loss. For Wyndham Lewis is without doubt the foremost literary artist in our language who is devoting himself to the defense of ideals that have always been the underlying aspirations of Americans; and this at a time when most of our intellectuals and *littérateurs* have been succumbing to ideals utterly hostile to and destructive of the central American tradition — and, moreover, have been highly successful in carrying predominant opinion with them.

Mr. Lewis's general position in the field of ideas is familiar to readers of The American Review through the two articles which Mr. Geoffrey Stone contributed to these pages in 1933, under the title "The Ideas of Wyndham Lewis" (October and November issues). Mr. Stone also wrote a lengthy expository review of the first of the three recent books mentioned above, *Left Wings Over Europe* (October, 1936, issue). It will be remembered that in this book Mr. Lewis turned his penetrating vision and prodigious gifts of satire and invective on the crusade for "Democracy" against "Fascism" which got under way at the time of the Italo-Ethiopian affair, arising from the closely interwoven interests of British imperialism and Russian communism, supported by a paralyzed and panicky France.

An account of Mr. Lewis's recent novel *The Revenge For Love* (concerning English Communists in Bloomsbury and in Spain) will be published in THE AMERICAN REVIEW at an early date. Meanwhile it is desired to draw attention to his latest critical volume, *Count Your Dead: They Are Alive!*,* which treats of the problems growing out of the Spanish civil war in much the same way that *Left Wings Over Europe* handled the Ethiopian crisis. From the same point of view, that is, but the technique is somewhat different. Instead of straightforward discussion enlivened by his characteristic satire, Mr. Lewis has built his satire into the structure of his new book: creating a lay figure to hang his points on and introducing himself as an actor in his text, where dialogue and "interior monologue"mingle with direct presentation of his ideas. The result of this union of Mr. Lewis's rich fictional gift and his grimly earnest but satirically toned intellectual analysis is a book that is one of the most effective pieces of political writing our day has seen, dealing with central issues in a way that must certainly challenge profoundly if it does not carry persuasion. *Count Your Dead: They Are Alive!* is a document that cannot be missed by any serious student of our most acute problems.

Rather than to attempt to sum up the thesis of the book, which its form would make an inadequate procedure, or to bring together some of the many passages of special brilliance, it seems best, to convey something of the book's flavor, to quote a lengthy section in which the central ideas are presented in a fairly straightforward fashion. Be it said, however, that this does the book much less than justice, since it omits the framework of satirical drama which is the book's chief formal and literary feature. Also, while the opinions are clearly Mr. Lewis's, and are uttered by the character in the book who is his spokesman, the actual wording is in part shaped by the exigencies of the book's dramatic structure, which this quotation cannot convey. But the section – though it has been pieced together from several chapters – can stand on its own feet, and will serve a useful purpose if it induces a few readers to secure and read the whole book.

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* COUNT YOUR DEAD: THEY ARE ALIVE! *by Wyndham Lewis* (LOVAT DICKSON, London. 358 pp. 7/6).

S.C.

I PROPOSE to have a spring cleaning. A final dust-up. All our minds are shamelessly untidy. It is time we put the Hoover on to them and got things a little trim. For the time is approaching when a bomb will drop upon all this muddle. If one wall of our flat was sliced off, what a disgrace to have such utter disorder exposed to the public gaze!

This is an issue of life and death. Our apathy is staggering. *We* are like those "somnambulic cattle" of Thomas Carlyle's. I propose to make this issue as clear as crystal. More I cannot do. After that I will leave it to you. It will be up to you after that. In all the speeches of British politicians this great issue of life and death is misrepresented. Not of course willfully.

This issue is represented as a collision between rival ideologies. "Fascism" is on the one side, it is said, and Communism-*cum*-Democracy is on the other.

Generally the British Statesman will assert that *he* stands outside this conflict. But his actions belie this assertion. What he calls "Democracy" has no hesitation in choosing between Fascism and Communism. It plumps for the latter. It bristles at the mere mention of the former.

But why does what is miscalled Democracy loathe Fascism with such a truly Biblical intolerance? Because Fascism means business. It really means to get rid of the incubus, which is crushing us all down into the gutter.

What they call "Democracy" is in fact a "Banker's Olympus". It is operating under the instructions of "Loan-capital", more than anything else. Fascism is a revolt of the People. A revolt against debt. I am no Fascist. But I love Freedom. Also I hate Usury.

If Fascism triumphed the credit web that has spread itself over the earth would be broken, and the big abstract money-spinner at its center killed.

Concrete values would be put in the place of *abstract* values. In those two words, *concrete* and *abstract*, you have the whole bag of tricks. That is why all the miscalled "Democracies" spit fire when they see the shadow of the Spanish Phalanx creeping nearer to Malaga, or the Swastika worming its way into Finland. Its vast web of loan slavery is threatened *only* by that. Communism does not threaten it. On the contrary it helps its brother spider.

The issue is misrepresented by all the Democratic Statesmen, because in the first place all the terms they employ cover realities very different from what these terms suggest.

"Fascism", "Communism", and "Democracy", are merely names, and very confusing ones at that. Marxian Communism as practised in Russia is not Communism: not as that would have been understood by the theorists of Communism before the Russian Revolution. "Democracy" in England is highly undemocratic, and "Fascism" takes a variety of forms, and is seldom what it is supposed to be by its friends, or by its enemies. It is really the nearest thing to Democracy. It is a highly disciplined Democracy, framed for a time of emergency.

The alignment is all right. That is real enough. "Fascism" versus "Communo-Democracy" (granted the validity of these terms) is how the battle is to be fought.

We (Great Britain) are sure enough on the side of Communism. And we are out to destroy "Fascism", ultimately by force. It is only *Zero Hour* that is in doubt. That may be in the next five months, as Lord Milne says: or it may be as many years before we do it. I incline to the shorter interval.

But there the correctness of this statement ends. For since "Communism" is not Communism: since "Democracy" never (as mouthed today) means Democracy, and since "Fascism" is just a picturesque tag, indicating the emblems of power of a Roman tribune, and since this historic symbolism in itself tells us very little about what is understood by "Fascism", we have obviously to look for some other meaning to this enormous fight-to-the-death that is in preparation.

What is it that has driven a peaceable old man like Mr. Baldwin, in his last years, into this gladiatorial mood? What is the motive power, of course unavowed, behind all this dialectical sound and fury? Even a political two-year-old would hardly take seriously the assertion that it is all about "Democracy". Or all about Herr Hitler's unfriendly treatment of Communists.

For, after all, as to the latter point: the Communists are particularly violent sectaries, who make no secret of the fact that they would disembowel everybody not a Communist if they got the chance. And so they can hardly be treated by "kid-glove" methods, to use Mr. Stalin's phrase.

No, we must put out of our mind all these words, all the transparently insincere bombast by which public feeling is worked up, to the war pitch. To the sticking point. What is underneath it all?

I will tell you, or I think I can. The two forces at present confronted in this cockpit of a world are, on the one side, Monopoly: on the other Anti-Monopoly. This is the best simplification. It discloses the central opposition.

You could substitute for *Monopoly versus Anti-Monopoly* this other pair: *Indivisible Economy versus Individual Economy*.

If you are not familiar with politics at all: if you have not followed all the tortuous phraseology of Geneva, of Litvinov, of Baldwin, of Blum, this simplification may be of no use at all. It may be so much Greek to you. So let me explain.

Today our political life is a reflection of our economic life. It should not be; but it is.

Political Monopoly functions in the same way as Commercial Monopoly. Often it is the same thing. Great concentrations of capital, and great concentrations of power, are largely one and the same thing. And the League of Nations – or Mr. Roosevelt's policy of Centralization – is conceived on exactly the same principles as the Lyons Teashop Monopoly.

In order to understand politics you must forget politics. Forget such shop-soiled abstractions for the moment as "freedom", "Democracy", "Communism", "Fascism". That is picturesque verbiage, merely. It means nothing. Such tags are so many picturesque appeals to ignorant emotionalism. The emotionalism appealed to is generally the religious emotionality remaining in us all as an idle residuum. This can be tapped by any stump orator.

What is underneath this empty phraseology is two things, locked at present in mortal combat. Let us call them *A* and *B*. And – to employ the language of religious controversy – *A* stands for *The One*, whereas *B* stands for *The Many*.

A resolves itself into what we may describe as Political Monism. (The League of Nations and Communism are examples of that.) *B* resolves itself into what may be described as Political Plurality. (Any nationalist movement is an example of that.)

Observe the United States of America. It is the best illustration of what I am talking about. What is happening there should be an invaluable object lesson for the European. For he can observe the same stark forces at work, but in far less complex forms, since the States of the Union do not speak different tongues but one tongue, English; and they are not divided from each other culturally, by different historic backgrounds.

The great statesmen who drew up the American Constitution were *pluralists*. President Roosevelt is the opposite. He is an outstanding *monist*. He wishes to concentrate political power at Washington, the capital city and the seat of government; just as the

League of Nations wishes to establish sovereignty over Europe at Geneva.

Were the League of Nations successful in establishing sovereignty at Geneva, that would convert the present plurality of "sovereign states" into a United States of Europe. If it were to be efficient, the League of Nations would liquidate *in toto* the "national sovereignty" of the various states of which Europe is composed.

This is the dream of the Internationalist. And its consummation would be followed by the establishment of a United States of the World. For Geneva, Moscow, and Washington in the hands of the respective "centralizers" (of Litvinov, Roosevelt, and Eden type) would act in perfect harmony. And very rapidly, we must suppose, from common action they would proceed to common sovereignty.

The Times produced a leading article a short while ago, which was headed "The American Dream". It was about the problems with which President Roosevelt is wrestling, and about the old dream of the earlier Americans which continually returns to obstruct his monopolistic path.

"The American Dream", as it is called, is essentially a farmer's dream. It is diametrically opposed to the Internationalist Dream – which, ultimately, is the dream of a money lender. And the former is the dream of a born pluralist, whereas the latter is the dream of a pure monist. Let me quote, however, a few lines from *The Times*' leading article:

> The *American Dream* has always been that of a nation consisting as largely as possible of free citizens each owning and running his own farm or his own business,

independent both economically and politically, able and ready to stand up for his own rights and his own views against any pressure from others. This was Lincoln's ideal, as it was Jefferson's. It is however an ideal which during the past quarter of a century has been rapidly losing any correspondence with reality. . . . Even before the war there had been great amalgamations in the oil, steel, and packing industries; but the movement reached its most startling development in the early twenties. An impelling motive in most cases was the expectation of savings to be made by mass production, unified control, and the elimination of competition; but . . . all . . . combined to hasten . . . the gathering together of hitherto independent businesses into consolidated corporations and other controlling organizations. . . . The tendency for many years has been to eliminate the independent citizen, owning and running his own business, in favor of vast organizations, the ultimate control of which, through an intricate network of holding companies and subsidiaries, is vested in financial groups in New York.

Americans have been uncertain how they should regard this movement away from the traditional American ideal of individual enterprise and open competition. Some have applauded it as making for economy and efficiency . . . though not perhaps with quite the same confidence now as before the depression.

Such, in outline, is "The American Dream". It is a farmer's dream, or a small-town dream. But the "great big city" has its dream, too: a dream of "unified control", of "the gathering together of hitherto independent businesses into consolidated corporations". And at the heart of the "great big city" is of course always the banker, who is in fact a gigantic money lender. And so the city dream always ends by being a *money lender's dream.*

Now, the American, during the last quarter of a century, like the European, succumbed to the dream of the money lender; either fatalistically, considering that "society had grown so complex" that there was nothing to be done against it, or else arguing that in effect these "vast organizations . . . the ultimate control of which . . . was vested in financial groups in New York" did make "for economy and efficiency".

But the Depression changed all that. It has shaken the "money lender's dream" as much as formerly a bogus prosperity shook the dream of the farmer and small trader. It no longer seemed so certain that these vast concentrations of capital and this mass organization was any more "efficient" or "economical" than the small-scale system of "the American Dream".

It may not be amiss to supplement this popular statement by a concrete fact or two, no more, with the object of demonstrating how the loan-capitalist of Herr Feder, or in other words the large-scale money lender, controls from his city office, by means of his control over the credit machinery, the lives and labor of 99.9 per cent of mankind.

A very able Jewish banker, of the name of Paul Warburg, was responsible for the establishment of a thing called the Federal Reserve Board. Typically, this institution came into being in order *to curb* the power of the banker; but in fact of course it achieved the reverse of what it pretended to have in mind. The Federal Reserve Board is the apotheosis of the bankers' power, and is today the most powerful single institution in the world. The central-reserve executive is able to run the market up or down at will, and overnight to break or make anybody and everybody in the chaos of some great "slump". The gentle art of "buying cheap and selling dear" has never known such a fabulously perfect instrument.

President Wilson (he of the Versailles Treaty, whose blessings we in Europe are all of us enduring at this moment) set up a Commission. This Commission was to discover if there was such a thing as a Money Trust knocking about anywhere in the U.S.A. It solemnly discovered that there *was*. And the following bit of information, which I thought I might supply at this point, is taken from the findings of that Commission.

It was reported, to that owlish predecessor and worthy forerunner of Mr. Roosevelt, that in fact five New York banking houses controlled as many as 112 other banks and financial and industrial companies, with capital resources amounting to $22,245,000,000. Here are the classes of concern, and the respective capitals involved:

34 banks and trust companies	$2,679,000,000
10 insurance companies	2,293,000,000
32 transport companies (rail, steamship, and express companies)	11,784,000,000
24 producing and trading companies	3,339,000,000
12 public utility companies (power, light, telegraph)	2,150,000,000
Total	$22,245,000,000

I do not like figures and statistics myself and I do not suppose you do. But one must make use of them sometimes. And I think that the above table pretty well speaks for itself. It shows how by the control of Credit a small group of persons can get a stranglehold upon any community. Their power is far greater, and more insidiously exercised, than that of any political despot whatever.

That such possibilities of despotism must be eliminated by *some* action on our part is obvious. But what action? The Communist says by putting in the place of this tremendous racket that other racket centered in Moscow – that Trust of Trusts, *Soviet Limited.* But what is the difference between a power trust and a money trust (since ultimately power = money)? That would merely be to furnish the Economist with a Praetorian Guard, and to arm him with thumbscrews and machine-guns.

To revert to our *Times* article and to "The American Dream". There you saw it asserted that *before* the great depression the American felt that, little as he liked it, the abstract habits of mass life, controlled by the Lords of Credit, was after all more *efficient* and *economical* than small-scale activity. In the "modern world" the *pluralist* could have no part. We must resign ourselves to abandoning all initiative, or "individualism". But the depression taught him better. It brought home to him that this money system was in fact just as antiquated – just as ramshackle, just as apt to let you down with a bump, and for all its up-to-date gadgets just as creaking and rusty – as that of the "dream" he had abandoned. Why even the old State banking system was as good as *this*. Its collapses and "depressions" were at least only local in their effect. Its more glaring dishonesties were more easy to put your finger on. With luck you could get your fingers on the throat of the ruffian who had fooled you, with his little "wildcat" lending shop!

A century ago the chartering of banks was an affair like the licensing of a casino. The granting of a charter to run a bank was a reward for political services, bestowed upon a party leader, as often as not as corrupt as a French politician. The state subscribed for part of the stock, and shared in the management. Bank statements or the filing of accounts were unknown. As these banks were privileged to issue notes, banking was a grand game, and the public took many a nasty fall.

Since thousands of banks were issuing notes, some of them of very inferior workmanship, counterfeit notes abounded. There is a story of Horace Greeley lecturing in the Middle West in those bad old days, and receiving payment for his lecture in dollar bills of a score of different varieties, some of them very slapdash forgeries indeed. He handed them back, with the civil request that he might be given "more plausibly executed counterfeits, else he would not be able to dispose of them when he returned home".

This bad old system had to end. For "no failure causes so much injury to the general public as that of a bank . . . they are the centers of financial operations in the communities in which they are located. The failure of a single one of them creates widespread havoc and loss, not only to depositors, but to all business interests." So, it was argued, the small bank must go, and the central bank take its place. And the Federal Reserve Board was the ultimate expression of this drive for greater stability, trustworthiness, and efficiency.

Alas! the great Depression, which has utterly ruined untold numbers of Americans, has shown that this was only another illusion. Better perhaps the ill-made counterfeit notes, or the "wildcat" bills which could never be redeemed, than this more sleek and slick, beautifully appointed, semi-official, "Federal" roguery upon the grand scale. For no American doubts any longer that these "depressions" and "slumps" are artificial and deliberately engineered. And he almost would vote back, if he could, the laughably corrupt small-town lending shop, where his grandfathers were robbed, yes, but at least they knew who was robbing them, and could put a bullet in them, at a pinch. But better still to vote in a new system altogether, and crush this insane legalized usury once and for all.

I think I need not apologize if I dwell upon the greatest of the Western Democracies, at a time when Democratic institutions are so much on everybody's lips.

It was no less a person than Edmund Burke who wrote in these terms of the Western Hemisphere:

> Nothing less than a convulsion . . . can ever restore the European nations to that liberty by which they were once so much distinguished. The Western world was the seat of freedom until another, more Western, was discovered; and that other will probably be its asylum when it is hunted down in every other part.

It is long since those words were written. But in spite of everything, the Americans still have a shot or two in their locker, in the matter of liberty; on account of this recurrent "dream" of theirs, and because of their relative isolation.

The Times did supply a useful statement, in its "American Dream" leader, of the fundamental opposition existing in the United States between those who, like Mr. Roosevelt, fatalistically accept the mechanical dictates of the Machine Age (as did Karl Marx) and those who, like Senator Borah (or like Hitler), do not.

Mr. Roosevelt would argue that he bowed to the inevitable (optimist and fatalist at once). That would signify acceptance of the monopolistic principle, of centralized control. Mr. Borah would, on the other hand, insist that the "American Dream" must not be repudiated, in favor of that of an abstract, depersonalized community, upon an insect model.

What would amount to a sort of Inca Empire, but reinforced with all the power plant of which the Machine Age man disposes, is what Borah would predict: a society out of which the last vestiges of freedom upon the Whig pattern, and as that would have been understood by Franklin or Jefferson, had been crushed. This slick uniformity of centrally "planned" existence, where the animal life has been subdued to a metallic pattern – that *is* America, you might say if you were there. Yet, possibly for that reason, in the homeland of the slick and the New the bitterest struggle is likely to be waged against the stereotyping of life.

That political battle, however, in which the United States of America is at present engaged, with such a savage desperation, is the same battle that is being fought out in Europe – the battle to join in which Great Britain has just started to arm to the teeth, upon the side of political monism. Only here it is more complex.

Those of the anti-Trust persuasion over here we call "nationalists" (or, less exactly, "Fascists"), since the "states" here are also nations. The other side we call "Democrats" or "Communists", but the one accurate generic term that should serve for both is "internationalists". It would be better to drop altogether the three terms "Communist", "Fascist", and "Democrat", as I have already implied: for where they are not plain humbug, they are always, as definitions, unsatisfactory.

When Mr. Bernard Shaw says Mr. Roosevelt is a Communist, but does not know it, he means that he is an internationalist, masquerading (innocently) as a patriot.

Hitler is, if you like, the Huey Long of Europe. I make use of this comparison merely to lay bare the principle involved, not to suggest that Herr Hitler resembles the late American protagonist of state sovereignty.

Now for my part I am on the side of the pluralists. I am a "nationalist" because I am a pluralist, rather than a pluralist because I am a "nationalist". I do not admire that fatalism which accepts the conditions imposed upon men by the technique of industry (their invention). I am upon the side of "The American Dream" – or "The English Dream", or "The German Dream" – as against the dream of the Internationalist. Everything of value in life, as I see it, would be destroyed in the process, were a stereotyped control of human life to be enforced.

You may be on the other side, you probably are – and I may be wrong and you may be right. My dream may prevail, or yours may do so. But at least my views are held without affectation. I am, as we say, sincere. And they do not proceed from any mercenary or worldly calculation. Indeed, my personal interests would unquestionably direct me to throw in my lot with the Internationalists. They are richer and, materially, the more powerful faction. That would be the orthodox, the superficially "intelligent", the most profitable thing to do.

I am not a conservative. Yet if I were (like our Leader Mr. Baldwin) a conservative I should find it difficult to justify a policy of support for the International idea, or for political Monopoly. For Mr. Baldwin's political god, Benjamin Disraeli, described with an exemplary clarity what the attitude of the conservative should be towards precisely this question of centralized power *versus* decentralized power: "The Tory party will yet rue the day that they consented to the Poor Law Bill, for they acted contrary to principle – *the principle of opposing everything like centralized government, and favoring in every way the distribution of power.*"

There was "a mysterious stranger" giving the English ruling class a very sound piece of advice indeed, and incidentally enunciating a principle which holds as much today as it did then.

But it is not a matter of conservatism or of radicalism, in England at all events. You can be either conservatively minded, or radically minded, it makes no difference, and with equal fervor object to world uniformity, and cast your vote for world diversity.

Never allow yourself, sir or madam, to be taken in by any of these slick phrases, "Collective Security", or "Indivisible Peace", or what not. Keep your eye fixed upon Woolworth's. That is my advice to you.

There you have the key! To understand politics, you must forget politics. When people talk "Collectivist" politics, think of Woolworth's. Let that be your compass, sir or madam, upon these treacherous seas.

Woolworth's is Collectivism (or Communism) in practice. But imagine *nothing* but Woolworth's! – instead of merely one big cheap store in every district. That is what all "collectivism" – whether it be that of Baldwin or of Pollitt – asks you, ultimately, to sanction and applaud.

Another great war is blowing up, as I suppose any fool can see. To understand its meaning (for it *has* a meaning all right, however meaningless it may at first sight appear) fix your mind upon this tendency to coalesce into corporations, to fuse into one vast monopolistic mass.

That is what the nations are doing, just as much as shops and factories. And those who decline to *coalesce* are now being threatened by those who are the leading members of this great political *Trust*.

When Herr Hitler is incessantly commanded to "collaborate", by Great Britain and France, that is what is meant. Yet he stands out. And Italy as well. Likewise Japan. These great states *will not* consent to submerge themselves in this political trustification, which we desire to impose on them. So we shall fight them, sir. By God we shall! I do assure you, they will not consent. That is why – unless Great Britain drops this policy of coercion – there *must* be war.

Do not permit yourself, oh my fellow citizen, to be duped by this word "collaborate". It means *submit*. It is a demand to Germany (with menaces) to merge in a super-state.

But turn back again from the political scene, and scrutinize once more the domestic scene. However inexperienced you may be politically, there is nothing in the Foreign Policy of the British Government, no matter how obscure it may seem, that cannot be decoded immediately by referring to the Chain Store, or to Lyons the Universal Caterers.

These "sovereign states" we call Germany, Spain, Poland, Italy, Japan are relatively small, independent businesses. Think of them as businesses. Incidentally they are businesses who have defied the big Credit Institutions – or International Banks – upon whose accommodation such businesses are supposed to depend for their continued existence. And it is not *us*, the People of England, but the International Banking Interests (of whom all democratic governments are the agents) who loudly and threateningly demand their *return* into the economic fold. And "Soviets Limited" shouts for it too, now openly at our side.

These relatively small businesses – which "sentimentalists" still insist upon calling by the old-fashioned name of "nation" – do not desire to surrender their natural identity, and to enter the World Trust, either of a "League of Nations" or of "Soviets Limited".

There you have, sir or madam, the whole matter in a nutshell.

If you are a housewife, look out of your window. You will see the explanation of world politics a little beyond your doorstep. No need to rack your brains to discover what all these diplomatic moves, and countermoves, may mean. You have the explanation in your everyday life.

England, during a quarter of a century, has witnessed a great revolution, in economic and social life. First of all, we have seen the elimination of the small individualist trader and the establishment of monster Monopolies. This process is said to be "inevitable". But it equally inevitably results, and must result more and more, in a deterioration of the quality of what is supplied. That is generally admitted. But, it is said, there is no help for it. It is the price men pay for "progress".

You get your "essential services" from Public Utility Companies almost indistinguishable from departments of State. Also you get your milk from the United Dairy Company, not from a Welshman as formerly, running a small retail shop. You would be surprised if you knew how much of your butcher's meat is supplied by a syndicate. The small individual trader, whom you believe you are dealing with, is as often as not the employee of a combine. And Messrs. Lyons have made us familiar with the same phenomenon in the teashop and restaurant trade. It is therefore within the competence of every housewife to observe how Monopolism works.

Now it is only natural that in the political field the same tendencies should be reflected. Politicians like Mr. Baldwin *more than ever* have the look of sturdy "individualists", standing up for us all against "the other fellow", whoever he may be. And every shallow demagogue promises us the protection of his bluff honesty against exploitation. How often they have betrayed us!

These politicians are themselves just unimportant individuals like ourselves. Ultimately they have no more power than a flea. And they have for a long time recognized this to be the case. For they are not such fools as they look.

They have, by the pressure of events, by constant experience, learnt their lesson. They are perfectly honest men, at least they are as honest as most of us. That's not saying much, you mutter? Well, let him throw the first stone who is quite sure he is more honest than Mr. Baldwin, that is all I can say. (Though Mr. Baldwin's honesty is above the average, it might even be described as abnormal.)

Most of the politicians at present performing for our benefit at Westminster started as "rugged individualists". But very few of them by this time but have had all that nonsense knocked out of them. From habit they *look*, and outwardly behave, as terribly rugged, downright, and self-willed fellows. But that is just for fun, and so that we should all "keep smiling", and feel we are in the hands of a good kind political uncle who will look after us. For they are rather political uncles than statesmen.

Most of these men have been won over to the theory of Monopoly. Of political Monopoly. They agree — they can do nothing else — with Litvinov, that arch-monopolist, for instance, that "Peace is Indivisible".

You may not have heard it, if you don't follow politics. But you will hear a good deal about this expression once the war starts.

"Peace is indivisible."

But that is, it is perfectly clear, merely a way of saying that *everything* is Indivisible. War is Indivisible too. (For by "Peace" Litvinov just means war.

He means: "If you don't obey us, if you cause us to make war on you, then *all* nations will be at war. No nation can stand out.")

It is the Lyons teashop principle applied to the world of politics. Nations, even big nations, must politically *sell out* and be absorbed by this big combine at Geneva, or perish. And that is why Mr. Attlee, in his speech in Paris, said that nations must abandon the nation of "the Sovereign State". If they will not abandon it voluntarily, they must be compelled to do so by armed force. This is what is meant by a "contribution to Peace". That they should abandon it *voluntarily*.

What is this notion of National Sovereignty, as seen from the standpoint of the Monopolist? It is a challenge to the all-powerful world corporation he has in view, and which is actually in process of formation. It makes him see red. Literally.

When Mr. Litvinov (representing the great Russian Empire, stretching from the Baltic to Korea) threatens Germany or Italy; or when Mr. Eden (representing the British Empire, which sprawls all over the world) does the same, it is as if a representative of Lyons teashops had dropped in to warn the proprietor of one of those little cafés that a Lyons was going to be run up next door to him, which would put him out of business. That, alternatively, and as a generous concession, Lyons would take over his business, and it would be only common sense if he consented to this deal. Else—! (I am not saying that Messrs. Lyons do anything of this sort. But it is in effect what all Monopoly implies.)

When Mr. Neville Chamberlain says: "As the leader and spokesman of one of the most powerful and influential nations in Europe, he (Hitler) has got it in his power to make an invaluable contribution to etc., etc., etc.", he is merely saying: "The peace-loving nations are more heavily armed than you are, Herr Hitler, and have at their back unlimited resources, and they will unquestionably make war on you, if you do not submit to their will, and if you persist in going on with this Sovereign State stuff. And as *we* are peace-loving as well, we shall probably go to war with you too. Now how about this *invaluable contribution* to Peace, Mr. Hitler?"

What Herr Hitler is required to do, as I have said, is to merge Germany in the League of Monopolist States, and it would of course follow that he would then have no need for an army at all. For there is no point in having *any* army if you are not to be allowed to have what is adequate for self-defense. If you abandon the conception of National Sovereignty, then the idea of Self-defense, too, becomes a thing of the past. That is self-evident.

If you belong no longer to yourself, but to *Everybody*, then clearly nobody would have anything to gain by attacking and invading you. You would be theirs to all intents and purposes, without their going to that trouble. As a province of the International, you would be safe from everything *except* the International. And as to that, rebellion would be useless.

Among the Monopolist States, Great Britain, France, and Russia are the great protagonists. The three greatest empires in the world. These three empires are now trustified, made into a mighty Trust of interlocking syndicates. That is what the Franco-

Soviet Pact and the Franco-British Alliance signify.

That is merely an old-fashioned, political, way of putting it, to call these "Pacts" and "Alliances". It is "nationalist" language. It has to be used by Messrs. Eden, Baldwin, and Blum, because of course the majority of people are still "nationalist" minded.

In the background is the United States of America, the most powerful single State in the world. And Mr. Roosevelt, as I have remarked, is an arch-monopolist. So far as he is concerned, he sees eye to eye with the three great syndicated empires. He would send battleships into a League War tomorrow, if he could. He is as much "a League of Nations man" as was President Wilson. He is a confirmed Internationalist.

But President Roosevelt has not such an easy hand to play as Stalin, ruling a chain of semi-Asiatic, or Asiatic, republics; or as Baldwin, or Blum. The two latter gentlemen know that they can make war as easily as they can light a cigarette. President Roosevelt would have more difficulty. With that thirty-five billion dollars of debt on his back he is doing a tight-rope trick that war might upset, and the audience might smash up the theater if he began firing at them. But, leaving that aside, he and his advisers are heart and soul in the world-monopoly racket.

I can now return to the statement with which I started. Whatever ornamental words you may employ, such as "democracy", "freedom", etc., the real principles involved are those of Monopoly, and Anti-Monopoly. We, that is Great Britain, are in with the Monopolists: the adherents of "Indivisibility". Over against us are a lot of States which represent relatively small-scale Capital. "Creative Capital", as Herr Feder would call it.

We stand for the Big Combine. They represent the little individualist business, as it were, now in armed revolt against the insolent tyranny of the Empire Trusts, which are merging into one Empire.

In the Abyssinian War the Italian soldiers asserted that the war they were engaged in was a "proletarian war". By this they meant they were really fighting for *themselves* – in their capacity of small proprietors and tradesmen. These slave-driving Semitic overlords, of whom Haile Selassie was the chief, did very little with Abyssinia. They, the workmen of Italy, would put all this land to better and more civilized uses.

Italy has been named "the great Proletarian". Same meaning. A country of a host of small interests, rather than one Big Interest.

But you will say the Russians are "proletarians" too. No, not in this living sense, because they are all the employees of the State. Even the peasants are that. They do not work for themselves. They are looked at askance if they shown any tendency to possess more than one cow, or indeed to possess (apart from the State) anything.

But if you work for the State, or for a great Corporation, it is all one, as far as *you* are concerned.

You are a wage slave and can never be anything else. Hence "proletarian". Hence "class conscious": conscious, that is, of belonging to the great herd of wage slaves. In order to remain beautifully "class conscious" you have to remain poor. That is elementary. The only difference is that if you work for *Soviets Limited*, *first*, you don't get as much money: *sec-*

ondly, there is only *one* Corporation, so you can't change your employer, or better yourself: and *thirdly*, if you *strike* you are shot.

The last four years have made it clear to any intelligent man, who may before have been puzzled and unable to make up his mind, that "Soviet Communism" is just a Monopolist variation on "Dollar Diplomacy", or the "British Hegemony"; only with a lot of crude salvationism thrown in. It is *Soviets Limited* with a Propaganda Department as big as all the other departments of State put together. Aimeemacphersonesque personnel, run on Salvation Army lines, attains five or six figures. It is the most stupendous racket the world has ever seen.

In conclusion, let me turn again to war. Our Government publicly bickers with the governments of the so-called "Fascist" States. No week passes but what there are passages of arms, confined as yet to words and meances. But one fine day, if this continues, a blow will be struck. This bloodless riot cannot be prolonged indefinitely, without someone striking out. Then we shall be once more *at war*.

Since the world began there has been a struggle between the Rich and the Poor. Well, whatever else may be in doubt, we now know that at least we and our French and Soviet Allies stand for the Rich.

We are the "Haves". The other lot are the "Have-nots".

At first sight this would seem, from a purely worldly standpoint, highly satisfactory. If we look at it closer, however, it gets to look a little less so. For the odd thing is that the richer Great Britain gets, the poorer *we* appear to be. And it is the same in France. What is more, this applies not only to the "proletariat" of mechanics and small merchants, but to anybody, whether he be a clubman or a street-hawker.

It looks almost as if, in the end, we should all be *proletarianized*, does it not, upon the Russian model; without any revolution being required to effect this end. It is only a matter of time.

So to those who see the full significance of what is happening to all without distinction, this is the cardinal novelty. Namely, that what is happening is happening *to all of us*. For the first time in the history of England the clubman's interests are identical with the street-hawker's. The power that has us under observation, and is treating *one* of us in this way, is treating, or will treat (without compunction, without "patriotism", and without the appeal of the old school tie being able to function), *all* after the same fashion.

The following rather odd situation thereby arises. We see "our country", or what is still supposed to be that, abandoning its (or *our*) Sovereign Rights as a nation, and (without consulting us) amalgamating with other nations. And we see such countries as Germany and Italy standing up for *our* rights (since to stand up for the principle of the Sovereign State is to stand up for us) against our country, "Great Britain" (which is no longer *our* country, or indeed in the strictest sense a country at all according to Internationalist principles).

As Englishmen we can only find this situation painful and perplexing. For if we are what was called in the bad old days "patriots", there is nothing any longer to be patriotic about.

We see our *own house* falling into decay. We ask if we may not do something about these misery spots and "distressed areas". We are told: "No. It is your duty *first* to attend to the members of the International Brigade at Madrid." Or to the financing of Jewish "refugee" students; or the famine-stricken populations of Russia. And when we say we *want* to do that, but we want first of all to attend to our own people, we are scornfully told that we are "Fascists". We still, that is obvious, cling to the old "individualist" notion of the Sovereign State!

That this is confusing to say the least of it, it is not necessary to point out. And now on top of it all we are informed that we ought to prepare to get ourselves killed in a terrible war (or stay at home and be gassed), because Herr Hitler *will* not promise to stop making synthetic rubber and petrol for his own use instead of borrowing money from us to buy ours: also refusing to sanction the teaching of the Communist blood-bath, and to make "pacts" with what he persists in regarding as a particularly nasty and dangerous type of cutthroat.

The position is indeed a peculiarly difficult one for any Englishman, emancipated from the sanctimonious drone about Democracy, and able to appraise the Hitler bugaboo at its proper worth.

He recognizes that Mr. Baldwin, at present the leader of the nation, has in effect renounced Nationalism, or the principles of patriotism, in embracing Internationalism – though affecting, still, to be the bluff and typical patriot. He is sure that the interests of England — regarded as a Sovereign State — are diametrically opposed to the internationalist politics of Mr. Baldwin. He feels certain that the war that is so much talked of, and for which the British Government appears to be preparing us, will we waged by the British Government *against* the best interests of England; and whatever its outcome, it must lead to the weakening and final extinction of England as an independent national unit, or a "Sovereign State".

A difficult position for a patriot, if ever there was one! For if this war ended in the extinction of all nations, as independent polities, would it not be better for those countries to succeed who would be fighting to retain their *own* independence, and so finally that of other nations?

So this greatly perplexed Englishman would be following in his leaders' footsteps, but the opposite way to Mr. Baldwin. The Internationalism that causes *Mr. Baldwin* to be unpatriotic would lead *him* to be unpatriotic, too. For *in the abstract* it would be better for those nations to triumph who upheld the principle of national independence, than those who upheld the principles of national subservience to an "Indivisible" conception of a cosmopolitan super-state. Yet it would be unpatriotic for him to desire their triumph, because England was at war with them (at war with them in a determined effort to destroy patriotism for ever and so *England* for ever).

Here is the terrible dilemma in which the Englishman, consciously or unconsciously, is placed today. It is a "great turning point in the world's history", he is told. Everything depends on England. "We are convinced that world peace can yet be saved by an

Anglo-German settlement, which would do more than anything else to promote other understandings; and that world peace can be saved by nothing else." (Mr. Garvin.) Yet that settlement is impossible, because the British Government lays down, in unfriendly and unaccommodating manner, as if addressing a malefactor, impossible conditions, insisting that Germany should agree to remain inadequately armed, in face of the Franco-Soviet Pact.

Usually wars have been prepared in secret, and blow up very suddenly when the time comes. But we have all had time to think about this one, and to examine the issue from every imaginable angle. With a sanctimonious fatalism the British Goverment await the collision. But there is no conceivable reason that it should ever occur, that any of us can see. Theoretically most wars have held forth to one side or the other hope of gain. Nothing can be gained by this one. Only loss. As a war-in-the-making it is the most senseless-looking war that man can ever have gazed upon. And we shall be cursed by our own people, eventually, for making it.

And yet, England being no longer a democracy, we can do nothing to avert it. If there is a debate in the House of Commons, no one is allowed to speak except a handful of Ministers and ex-Ministers: those, namely, who have embraced the policy that must, it seems, lead to war. That, gentlemen, is the situation. I think I have said all that it is possible to say.

REVIEWS

Excelsior *

STEPHEN SPENDER, as the author of two books of verse, a book of fiction, and one of literary criticism, has enjoyed considerable celebrity in all three fields. This celebrity, the world of letters inclining as it does at the moment, seems less the result of literary merit than of the author's political orientation – which, of course, is leftist. With the appearance of his new book, *Forward From Liberalism*, he therefore lays himself open to examination at a central point, if not of his own work as he conceives it, at least of his work as an influence in the literature of the day; for the book is in substance an apology for Communism. Mr. Spender has lately been received into the Communist Party, but was not, I believe, a Party member at the time of writing *Forward From Liberalism*. The book displays certain reservations from the Communist program as at present handed down from Moscow – notably in the refusal to regard Soviet Russia as Zion entirely realized, and in some qualms about the artist's being false to his own inner light in the interests of the revolution – but these are slight and will be of more interest to the specialist than to the ordinary reader. It may be that Mr. Spender does not represent complete Marxian orthodoxy, but he does seem a typical example of the young literary man turned determinedly to the left, and his case can therefore be an instructive one.

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* FORWARD FROM LIBERALISM *by Stephen Spender* (RANDOM HOUSE. 291 pp. $2.00).

Despite his title, it is *toward* liberalism that Mr. Spender proposes moving; and it is his argument that liberalism is to be realized only through Communism. The liberal he defines as the person caring more for liberty "than for the privileges which have given freedom of intellect to individuals in one particular class", the natural champion of "the scientist, the Jew, the political exile, the neurotic". The liberal, in other words, is an idealist, clinging to his high standard whatever the conditions in the practical world. But Mr. Spender professes no scorn for the practical world; it is there, he sees, that the existence of the higher freedom is insured or denied. In the world of today, the greatest practical obstruction to freedom is the institution of private property: the idea of freedom, says Mr. Spender, taking a clew from Godwin, in turn involves the idea of complete equality, and the foundation of equality is in the economic realm. It was the failure of the earlier liberals to appreciate the economic factor that made inconsistent their doctrines and put off the achievement of their goal. Thanks to their efforts, we enjoy in our capitalist democracies a very large measure of political freedom; we have universal suffrage, freedom of speech, *habeas corpus*, and the like, but these "rights" (the quotation marks are not Mr. Spender's) are at present little more than a mockery, since the full exercise of them is made impossible by the brute economic facts – our only real freedom is the freedom to starve. The whole democratic machinery is a kind of façade set up, or at least used, to hide the tyranny that really presides in the capitalist holy of holies. "In fact, political questions that most deeply concern us are not decided by parliament at all but by the industrial interests which control the liberal democratic state."

Mr. Spender's belief that Communism can alter this state of affairs for the better and make possible the liberty of which John Stuart Mill dreamed – that liberty which Mill quite flexibly defined as being the widest individual freedom compatible with men's organization into a society – is founded on two postulates. The first postulate is that "to abolish the present system of private property" will "sweep away at one stroke the stifling materialism of personal greed" and will "socialize, not merely property and wealth, but also art and knowledge", creating "a world of living values in the interests of the whole democracy". Granting that Mr. Spender means by this that to abolish private property will sweep away, not greed as a moral defect, but the manifestations of greed in society, it still is hard to concede that a "socialization" of art and knowledge and "a world of living values" will result. For art becomes available to the masses, as it does to anyone, only through their own efforts, and "living values" are a conquest of the spirit. The potentialities of these things are, certainly, in the human heart and mind, but it is not merely the structure of society which prevents their realization: the chief obstacle is man's own errancy, and not to recognize this is to give that waywardness a thousand new ways of expressing itself.

This argument will, of course, carry no weight with the confirmed believer in economic determinism, whose main tenet is a denial of the whole traditional idea of man, which sees the fruits of the spirit as the work of the spirit – and not as an automatic product of the economic scheme. The believer in economic determinism cannot see that materialism – whether it is accompanied by the institution of private property or not – is stifling because it rejects the things that are the source of man's fullest happiness, or because, at best, it makes them secondary – which means that in every instance of a difficult choice these things are discarded. If materialism, under capitalism, leads to the exploitation of the many by the few, materialism will have made no great advance when, under Communism, it gives to the many the hollow rewards for which the few previously exploited them; for false values are not to be justified by increasing the numbers that adhere to them – not even when these values are misnamed "art and knowledge".

Mr. Spender's second postulate, which depends upon his first, is that unless Communism is taken as the way out of the capitalist dilemma, Fascism will intervene, "the seizure of power by a minority which represents capital, the force which has already made liberal democratic governments almost impotent to work against its interests". This is, in the first place, historically untrue, since Fascism arises – or has arisen in its two major instances – as an answer to the rise of Communism which accompanies capitalist decay. Communism is the specific toxin that calls up the Fascist anti-toxin. And Fascism does not appeal to the discredited capitalist values, but to pre-capitalist ones: it emphasizes those virtues and that way of life which capitalism has steadily undermined and which Communism would destroy completely. This much Mr.

Spender seems at moments to understand, for he dubs Fascism "reactionary". He intends the word in an entirely pejorative sense, but, even at that, he limits it too much: as a believer in Progress (as any Communist of necessity is), he means that Fascism is reactionary only in so far as it halts world progress at its present stage instead of allowing it to pass on to the (higher) stage of the classless society.

Fascism, however, is reactionary in a sense much more profound; it turns away forcefully from the materialistic and romantic notions which give Communism and capitalism their essential identity and reasserts the conceptions, fundamental in our civilization, of freedom as responsibility, and private property, responsibly held, as a guarantee of that freedom. The Communist hates Fascism because it is an unexpected revival of those features of our way of life which the Marxian prognostic holds must even now be falling into desuetude; committed to an apocalyptic vision of history, he is enraged when men choose a sane retreat rather than a catastrophic advance. We may, with fair reason, disapprove of some incidental aspects of Fascism, but we only fall into a sort of hysteria when we condemn it for these without recognizing its essential direction. Mr. Spender, of course, would assail this direction even could he appraise it correctly; thus his fear of Fascism is well-grounded, and if it is unjust to describe the note with which he touches on it as an hysterical one, an adjective more descriptive of his tone when he considers Fascism is hard to find.

As a poet, Mr. Spender is naturally concerned with the artist's rôle in the present-day world and the world of tomorrow. "The final aim of civilized men," he says, "must be an unpolitical age, where conditions of peace and security are conducive to a classical art, rooted not in a small oligarchy but in the lives of the whole people." To those who insist that art is something for the exceptional few and who would preserve capitalism because it insures a happy existence for these few, Mr. Spender answers that such an art is cut off from any source of true vigor because it has ignored life itself. Art, it is true, must be more deeply rooted than it is in our present society, and if it has not contact with a tradition that informs people's daily lives it soon becomes desiccated. But Mr. Spender appears to think of this contact in a merely numerical fashion, holding that art will show new vigor when more people have the leisure to tramp through picture galleries or the money to buy slim books of verse. Indeed, the more widespread "appreciation" of just such art as we have today is as much as Communism can offer. Communism is, among other things, a technique for dealing with the machine; it is a means of distributing the machine-made plenty. And the machine, dehumanizing the making of things, which is art, has done as much as anything to bring about our present irresponsible and inhuman art. The machine in the way it has been used (and the way in which it has been used accounts largely for its development) has eliminated art as a practice of the daily life, relegating it to an inferior position as a mere leisure-time activity. For this reason, to distribute more evenly the benefits of industrialism will not bring art back into the life of the average man; such a distribution will do nothing to make art appear more essential to the good life than it does now, since the basic features of that "good" life will be supplied by ways in which art has no share. Therefore it is not surprising to find Mr. Spender looking forward to an art in the classless society which will not differ greatly from that produced by the surrealists today, who have undertaken the last severance of art from the rational order which makes life liveable. His hopes are for an art in which "it will be possible to compose dreams deliberately", though, to be sure, "without any of the devices of archaism or reaction".

Communism will represent the fulfillment of the romantic poet's dream of an ideal world: of that Mr. Spender is certain. The earlier romanticism, he maintains, was forced to retreat into an unreal and private world because it had no technique for dealing in social action. The ideals the romantics championed were not in themselves invalid, and lacked only a direct relation to the everyday world; the early romantics were unable "to realize that which we know". Communism provides a means for this realization; it strikes at the basic evil of private property, the thing whereby men are made unequal. With inequality removed, the full potentialities of the human spirit are released, true brotherhood obtains, and the romantic ideals become rooted in fact because all that gave rise to the evil in man has been abolished.

It is evident that Mr. Spender's view of romanticism is scarcely radical, in the full sense of the word. The romantic values he subjects to no more thorough scrutiny than he does the liberal ones; indeed, to use the language of the philosophers, he takes them for something "given" in experience. But the connection he discerns between romanticism and Communism does exist, and it is one of the utmost importance, though that in a fashion not seen by Mr. Spender. Romanticism is in essence a revolt, whether against the limitations of human nature, or society, or of the universe, and it carries with it a profound appetite for destruction. The early romantics perhaps hoped for no more in their time than the destruction of the prevailing literary conventions; but the full romantic tide of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has risen with increasing force against all the foundations on which Western civilization is built: it seeks to sweep away things as various as Christian sexual morals and the epistemology which maintains that subject and object are real distinctions. Whatever it attacks it attacks out of hatred of discipline and authority; it is a philosophy which deifies *hybris*. Its attack has hitherto been effective chiefly in the intellectual field, but now, as Mr. Spender is well aware, Communism provides a means whereby the attack can be carried directly into the practical field.

The moment, of course, is especially propitious; the inherent contradictions of capitalism are causing our whole social structure to totter, we are burdened with a large proletariat in whom capitalism has fostered the slave mentality to which Communism is especially appealing, and Communism itself has sufficient appearance of good in it to engage the approval of troubled and unthinking men — for an evil thing always ensnares men by the partial good which it contains. Communism is a sort of *reductio ad horrendum* of the romantic dream. But only a few romantics, such as Baudelaire, ever retain sufficient hold on our cultural past to see their dream must always end horribly, and the leftward stampede of the mass of our rootless intellectuals, while the only one possible for persons with their beliefs, is made with high optimism. Should the system they now cry for be established, their beliefs will still conflict with the existing world; for it is the nature of these beliefs always to do so.

"The alternative to international socialism is war," Mr. Spender concludes in warning. This war "will lead to the utter collapse of our civilization". It is a choice that he holds before us throughout his book, and his insistence on the imminence of war has a shrill quality about it which seems, more than anything, just such an emotional state as paves the way for war by leading people to regard it as "inevitable". One cannot read much leftist literature without coming to the decision that these reiterated prophecies of war are a highly important feature of the Communist strategy and one undertaken with a complete cynicism in the case of those Communists who see the issues clearly. Mr. Spender, it must be allowed to his moral but not to his intellectual credit, is not amongst those who see the issues clearly: he is one of the great mass of people in our Western democracies who are being taught to equate Fascism with war at the same time they are being taught to regard war as inevitable in the capitalist system. The inevitable war will then arrive as a golden opportunity to those of Mr. Spender's mentality, for while the "system" alone will be responsible for it, so that no one can do anything to stave it off, yet between the democratic-capitalist pot and the Fascist kettle, the latter will be the more black. The war will then be a struggle of democracy *versus* Fascism, and since, according to this picture, democracy is susceptible of a not too difficult change into something better, one will do wisely to fight on its side, rather than on the side of Fascism, which blights all hope of anything good. And Russia or Communism, as we see in the awful lesson of Spain today, is always on the side of "democracy". In constantly stating their abhorrence of war, the Marxists, we must think, protest too much: you cannot have a revolution, said Lenin, without a revolutionary situation, and war, with its consequent disruption of the social, political, and economic order, is the ideal one.

Shabby though his arguments are, Mr. Spender's book breathes sincerity on every page. He is, however, not unaware of his shortcomings, and declares that he is attempting to do no more than "portray an attitude of mind". This portrait he has done extremely well, though the credit for it must be given to the vices of thought and feeling which he reflects rather than to any ability for analysis on his part. One may then feel sympathy for Mr. Spender's state of mind and at the same time see that it has been induced by a total misreading of experience – a misreading which follows on his aberrant notion of the mind's nature and the character of man. From what has been said, it should be plain that Mr. Spender's analysis is as naïve and as fervently held as Rousseau's – and is in its essential features the same. His romantic heritage Mr. Spender gladly acknowledges, but it remains for us to decide whether we will surrender our own heritage to share his mess of pottage.

GEOFFREY STONE

A Disappointed Socialist*

IGNAZIO SILONE, banished to a mountain top in Switzerland imagines, in *Bread and Wine*, a return to his native village in Abruzzi, and reconstructs, out of his nostalgia for the scenes of his youth, a fictional reality as powerful in its impact upon the reader as would be an actual mingling with the characters he has created. The story relates what he would do and say if he did return. These are the people he would meet and these are the disillusions he would suffer. He learns that the old Socialist movement has evaporated, that no organized opposition to the Fascist régime exists, that all his old companions are dead, in jail, in poverty, or in hiding, and that any exile, returning in disguise to arouse the Italian people to revolt against Mussolini, would meet the same fate as Pietro Spina.

Although this novel is published at the moment when half the world is being incited into a crusade against Fascism, it must be judged not by passing events in Europe but by artistic standards, and by those standards it must be considered a mature performance by a first-rate writer. In the agony of his homesickness, the novelist has recollected every detail of the peasants' life with an emotion which quickens his words with a poetic quality. His understanding of the peculiarities, the endearing foibles, and amusing conceits of his own people makes this a novel which can be enjoyed regardless of political predilections.

Since the story deals with Fascist Italy during the

* BREAD AND WINE *by Ignazio Silone* (HARPERS, STORY PRESS. 319 pp. $2.50).

period of the Ethiopian campaign, and since the author's hatred of Fascism is obvious on every page, this book is regarded now, not so much as a creative record of our times, as an indictment of a system and as another exposure of a dictatorship. Readers of *Fontamarra* know what Silone personally suffered, and appreciate how the death of his brother in fighting against the Fascists filled him with such bitterness that his every emotion is colored by that memory. Since he can never forget, he can never write a line that does not blaze with indignation. Fascism is his sworn enemy, yet his artistic integrity is so genuine that he cannot distort the reactions of the peasantry. He sees them as they are, not, as a revolutionary, he would like them to be. His instinct as a realistic novelist is so sure that he cannot compel his characters to do anything merely to point a moral.

Because he never sacrifices art for propaganda this book is a perfect refutation to those critics who use it as a text to preach anti-Fascist sermons. Silone shows by implication that the conditions of ignorance, corruption, superstition which he describes have existed for centuries under every form of government known to man and cannot be blamed specifically upon Fascism. It cannot be expected that such a man could possibly comprehend the sincerity and devotion of the young Fascists who have grown up since 1922. He is aghast and sick at heart by what he sees, and he thinks of it inevitably in terms of pre-Fascist Socialism. Dramatically, the career of Pietro Spina, experiencing one disappointment after another in his zeal to find even a foothold for revolution, illustrates how hopeless it is to try to change stubborn facts.

Silone's theme is the eternal one of the idealist who cannot compromise and will not adapt himself to conditions he hates. Silone calls this enemy Fascism, others call it Communism or the inherent evil of the world. It has had many names and it will have many more. Such heroes must necessarily seem saints to those imbued by the same ideals and glorious fools to those who are not. Sometimes, in this novel, it seems as if Silone's real quarrel is with the Church. At one point he becomes very bitter against the corruption of Rome and the cooperation of the Pope in the Abyssinian campaign. The same story might be written about Italy in 1848 or 1870. It has, indeed, been written many times, and it will always have the power possessed by *Bread and Wine* when it is written by a novelist with such undeniable gifts. The end can only be the sacrifice of the hero, symbolically murdered by the implacable system. Since it is the fashion to denounce Fascism, this novel is popular, not so much for its genuine artist merit, as for the meretricious interest of current events.

HORACE COON

The Future of Individualism*

THIS book comprises the first series of Mahlon Powell Lectures on Philosophy at Indiana University, delivered during the spring of 1936. The founder of the lectureship is interestingly described as a "farmer citizen" of Indiana – a practical man who felt the value of theory. Conversely, Prof. Hocking has never

* THE LASTING ELEMENTS OF INDIVIDUALISM *by William Ernest Hocking* (YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS. 187 pp. $2.00).

been of that class of contemporary philosophers absorbed in the minutiae of logic and epistemology and uninterested in the affairs of men. The best pages of these lectures remind us of the descent from Plato's Cave, so brilliantly are everyday facts illumined by a light from the Ideal world. On these pages philosophic insight reveals in a flash the significance of a situation that might otherwise have seemed a dull and tangled mass. The philosopher's business is indeed interpretation, not concrete guidance. Hocking's analysis of our past and present failures to achieve social direction is very much better than his practical advice for the future; though even here the aims he sets before us are for the most part sound, and he is only vague (as perhaps he should be) regarding the means for attaining them.

In his opening lecture Prof. Hocking is concerned with repudiating the "economic interpretation of history". Political and economic factors did not bring individualism into existence; they were merely the shaking loose of the peas from the pod. The peas, however, were already ripened: they were preconditioned for such separation by logical, ethical, and religious considerations. The logical condition is made very clear: it was the gradual change from feudalism to free contract, whereby the formula "to every group, numerous men and sets of men" was replaced by the formula "to every man, numerous groups and possible groups". For the first time the serf had to decide "whose man he was", and by this very choice he set himself off as an individual, in distinction from all those to whom he might belong. The moral and religious conditions are not brought out so plainly;

but the author does trace all modern notions of individuality to two ancient sources: the Platonic conception of the soul as a responsible agent and "an atomic substance", and the Hebrew-Christian view of it as "a term within an organic context".

The critique of Liberalism which follows in the next two chapters is the most arresting section of the book. Liberalism's defects are analyzed under three heads: its failure to achieve social unity; its positing of rights without corresponding duties; and its tendency to produce a type of mediocre "mass man" devoid of all sense of vocation and civic responsibility. Regarding the latter point, Liberalism "was founded on an unsalted amiability, arising from *a priori* principles, hopeful postulates about human nature, valid enough but untested and incomplete". It is right, for example, that every person should receive an education; because only by education can we find out and draw forth the latent capacities of men. But it is false to suppose (as Liberals tend to suppose) that all men really have these capacities and therefore that uniform education will leave them "effectively equal". "As a result, Liberalism has bred a race of self-confident, vigorous men; but it has not bred a race that can be trusted with power or wealth. . . . To say that each man is as good as the next means only that the next is as poor a sort as the first."

The mistake of positing natural rights apart from natural duties and obligations was foreseen by Locke; but it has been inherent in Liberalism from the start. Being born "free and equal" may have meant to Locke "simply an immunity from being exploited", and this naturally carries with it the correlative duty of refraining from exploiting anyone else; but the "once-born man" was sure to interpret it as meaning that the scramble of life is a fair scramble, everyone starting from scratch: still it is no less a scramble, the object being to arrive ahead of the next fellow, by whatever means. Out of the vigorous assertion of "rights" on the part of all, a harmony was somehow thought of as resulting—if any thought was given to the matter at all. This criticism is carried out in the striking section on "Failure to Achieve Social Unity". It is interesting that Prof. Hocking here rejects Hegelian doctrine:

> Society is not an organism. . . . The unity of an organism exists from the first. The unity of a society . . . has to be achieved. . . . The effort of this achievement is at a maximum when the units with which one starts are "individuals", rather than groups partly amalgamated by cooperation, kinship, and history.

Under the modern division of labor, it becomes increasingly difficult for the various functions to add up to a social whole: thus *the unity is not built*. In the parliamentary state, for example, sectional and other *part* interests are everywhere represented; but the *total* interest is only falteringly and inadequately represented.

Realizing that in the past power has been abused, we think the enemy is *power* rather than the character that uses it, and we have made impediment a virtue; we continue to chain the ghost of departed royalty, and live in fear of tyranny when the ruler has become ourselves! Thus, we have brought together a set of individuals and individual interests, like a set of loose limbs, thinking they will compose a body politic; but they find themselves competitors, disclaim one another, and the "general will" snuffs out.

All of this strikes deep into the philosophical foundations of Liberalism, for it unveils the basic heresy that man's end in life is happiness for himself and for his fellows. Big Business and John Dewey really share the creed ascribed by Prof. Hocking to Business alone —that "total prosperity is made by multiplying individual prosperity; and that present troubles are not due to any defect of the individualistic principle, but simply to the circumstance that it does not yet reach a sufficient number".

This criticism is made constructive later on, when the author deals with "the commotive function" as something which the older Individualism forgot, but which is essential to the life of society. Social unity is not natural; it is built up or "enacted" by conscious effort. Individuals, left to themselves, will be "I-thinking" individuals; but there is within them a capacity for "we-thinking", a "joining function" which can be stimulated into effectiveness. This joining function is exhibited in Communist Russia and in Fascist Italy and Germany, but with a debased *content*, with an unworthy aim in view. Our task is to enlist the same function in service of the valid Individualist aim "that every man shall be a whole man", a true individual, making his own peculiar and self-chosen contribution to the social whole. Thus the "commotive function" must be balanced by full recognition of "the irrepressible individual"; and "the irrepressible individual" expresses himself primarily in vocation, which should therefore be kept as fluid as possible, artificial ideals of every sort being discouraged.

Prof. Hocking recognizes that the "commotive function" cannot take place in a vacuum. "Unity is an abstraction which can be realized in a thousand diverse concrete ways; but which cannot be realized in general: we may unite in a foray on Panama, or on a tax bill, or on plans for a capital city, but we cannot simply unite!" It is just this question of ultimate ends that constitutes democracy's greatest problem; nor has Prof. Hocking any very definite solution. The trouble with making the full development of individuals the End of the social organism is that this end will serve to unite men only while there is some visible obstruction to be cleared away. Thus Liberalism united men in the eighteenth century, when privilege stood forth as the Opposition; but it does not unite men today. With the vanishing of an effective Opposition, there vanishes also the End *as common to various individuals*: the self-development of individuals at large splits up into my self-development and your self-development, and these diverse developments do not of themselves produce union.

An uneasy realization of this fact is perhaps what makes Prof. Hocking devote a section of his final chapter to "the extrapolation of Will"—the tendency, that is, whereby individual wills tend to be carried out and completed in the general will. To a certain extent this is of course the case; but only to a certain extent. We cannot be good carpenters or doctors or business men unless our community has an adequate police force: some degree of order and authority is the precondition of civilized life. But we can perfectly well exercise our functions in society, and develop ourselves as individuals, while other persons are for one reason or another failing to exercise their functions and failing to develop their individuality. There may be perfect individuals – "whole men" – in a "do-nothing State". There is in this matter no inference from the part to the whole – no assurance that individuals are really going to combine in the absence of a common End more concrete than individual self-development and more universal than a foray on Panama. All of which may suggest to us that the End must be something out of the temporal order, the opposition to which will be as lasting as our mortality, our human weakness and finitude. Privilege *may* crumble away, leaving us disjointedly to pursue our several individualities; sin and Necessity – the awful resistance to the Kingdom of God – cannot.

To the political scientist this may seem an unrealistic solution. But is it not clear that in proportion as it is rejected, and the notion of the "extrapolation of will" insisted upon, just so there creeps back the old conception of society as a *natural* organism, which Prof. Hocking has rejected once for all? The alternatives seem to be only three: Individualism (no positive or concrete End common to the members of a society – hence chaos); or Totalitarianism (the End temporal, imposed by the State, and identified with what the State prescribes); or the Christian State (the End transcendent, not imposed by any temporal power, but common to all members of society because it is part of their human nature). The point insisted upon by the "organic theory" – that individuals must be unified *by nature* and not by mere striving toward an ideal – is to some degree valid; only the "naturalness" in the case must be a native relation to a transcendent realm. The true theory will combine these "natural" and "transcendent" aspects.

There are indications that Prof. Hocking would not be unfriendly to such a view. He sees that the problem of our time is "primarily ethical", not primarily economic, as the Marxian thinks. The ultimate criticism of both Marx and John Stuart Mill is an ethical criticism: "The flower of Mill's philosophy is the economic gentleman, independent and freethinking; the flower of Marx's philosophy is the economic workman, dependent and unfreethinking. Both as a picture of the complete man are human failures." In his penetrating criticism of Mill's essay *On Liberty*, the author shows a strong sense of the moral value of opposition. The trouble with Mill's proposal, he points out, is that by rendering the expression of ideas *costless*, it robs them of inner vitality and significance. The Liberal with his plea for absolute tolerance forgets that ideas do not just float about in thin air, but tend to impose themselves, to be incarnated in the existential order. "The normal destiny of an idea is to come to some sort of power. . . . The rule, No thinker shall suffer for his thought, is equivalent to the rule, Nothing important shall ever happen." The fact that Mill's whole argument turns on a basis of abstract social utility, rather than upon the rights and dignity of the individual, is also brought out. Mill and Marx are presented as thesis and antithesis: the former supported an individualist scheme of society for the sake of the collective good; the latter argued for a collectivist scheme of society for the sake of individual good. The good State must combine the insights and exclude the errors of both men.

Scattered through *The Lasting Elements of Individualism* are other suggestive remarks and interpretations that cannot be set down here. Prof. Hocking has written a series of lectures which, while they may not resolve all the social problems of the age, are such as to bring many of them to a clear focus, and to stimulate much thought.

R. W. BRETALL

The Growth of Love*

COMPTON MACKENZIE is one of the few writers of whom it may be said that he has done his growing in public without intending by that either scorn or condescension, meaning, indeed, nothing but the warmest praise. His growth has not taken the form of experimentation with method; his public growth has taken a healthier shape than that. Actually, in an introduction to *The East Wind* — called in its English edition *The East Wind of Love* — he tells Mr. Eric Linklater (and allows us to overhear) that, if the Fate that has always thwarted his plans for his writing will this time relent, the present novel will be merely the first of four; that he is going, in short, to go the Victorian three-decker novel one better, the whole to be called *The Four Winds of Love*.

His growth has been by way of a deeper penetration into significance, and those who have followed his work for the past quarter-century will perhaps get more from the story of John Ogilvie's attaining of every maturity than those who are reading Mr. Mackenzie for the first time. They will thank their good fortune in having lived to see Mr. Mackenzie gather all the materials of his consciousness into his hands and set out upon the task of making this synthesis of the various truths and half-truths which he has hitherto treated in separate volumes.

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* THE EAST WIND *by Compton Macknzie* (DODD, MEAD. 685 pp. $2.75).

The scheme of the series is plain enough from the one book already issued. Mr. Mackenzie has blocked out a canvas which will give him scope to treat the subjects which he touched upon in *Carnival*, in *Youth's Encounter* and *Sinister Street*, in *The Altar Steps*, in his books of war-time memories, in the enchanting reminiscences of his London youth, as well as the subjects which are even dearer to his heart, but which he has written of mainly in occasional papers, Catholicism and Scottish Nationalism.

It is a heart-warming thing to find Mr. Mackenzie using again in this book, and so much more expertly and movingly, bits and items of his experience which he has used before – thrust into his earlier work, knowing that they were precious, without waiting for time to round them off or set them in their proper perspective. He was right to use them before, since he could not know that he would live to work them into their proper background, but even more right, and remarkably courageous, to make use of them again in this maturer work after he has come to see them in all their significance. He will have his reward; even fanatical readers, word-perfect in pages of his earlier books, will agree whole-heartedly that half a dozen episodes – such, *e.g.*, as Cissie's death in *The East Wind* – are better and more richly done here than when first handled.

The John Ogilvie who is the hero is by no means straight young-Mackenzie in a transparent disguise, but a character skillfully placed, as to background and antecedents, so that he may have many of the experiences, the illuminations, which came to his author without the confusion of issues bound to arise in pure novelized autobiography. He makes an excellent character, sensitive, intelligent, attractive, detached. If there are very few boys in their teens so aware of the intellectual and emotional currents in their lives as John Ogilvie and a few of his friends, we have at least the books of the very young Mr. Mackenzie to indicate to us that he is no unparalleled paragon. In retrospect, and justifiably, Mr. Mackenzie may have clarified his issues beyond what a boy could do for himself; there is still enough overlapping of interests and values, enough intentionally indicated vagueness and confusion to give the illusion that we have been set down again in the very center of adolescence.

This first volume very carefully lays down the various lines along which John Ogilvie will come to his maturity. Before he reaches his full stature, we know before finishing this book, he will have to grow, through love of woman, love of his neighbor, love of his country, love of God, into his maturity. Mr. Mackenzie is by no means so flat and sententious about his designs as this must sound; he merely shows, unmistakably, movement along each of these lines – lines which sometimes interweave, sometimes cross and tangle with each other – John's necessity for religion and for a common ground on which to meet his fellows, but, fitfully and bewilderingly emerging, the more dramatic necessities, for an adolescent, of sex and patriotism in the foreground of the pattern. He undergoes calf love and sexual initiation and then true first love, tragically premature. He also arouses, in the mother of two remarkably well-drawn, aesthetically and intellectually precocious young Jewish friends, a love which is half maternal, half amorous, and he is, for one night, her lover. This episode with Miriam Stern is by far the most difficult to find credible; in making a seventeen-year-old boy capable of drawing upon himself this experience Mr. Mackenzie comes dangerously close to giving us a hero who is such a paragon that his story can have no universality. But it is excellently done, and Miriam's infatuation shown as arising as much from her own history as from young John's all-conquering attractions, and respects the bounds of probability.

Hardly less emphasized than John's growing consciousness of the importance of love is the story of his search for his own significant national attitude. He is given a mixed Scottish and Cornish ancestry, but whereas his mother, who died in his youth, was vividly aware of her heritage, his father is of those Scots who turn their backs upon the problems of their nationalism and live on neutral emotional territory – exploiting with Scottish shrewdness the slower-witted Sassenach, but remaining rather irritably bound by their compunction to the country of their voluntary exile. The book opens at the time of the Boer War, a war which threw up patriotic issues in terrifying relief for many of the best minds of that day. This young fictional character can accept neither imperialism nor Little-Englandism, and, in his search for some stand more inevitably his own, meets the Jacobite movement in its most ridiculous form in a little group of lostcausers and Scottish Don Quixotes, listens to the youthful solipsism of one of the Stern brothers and the aesthetic humanitarianism of the other, realizes with true premonition, and some envy, that an Irish comrade has already picked up the scent of the cause for which he will be martyred. He also comes across, by a chance that the author obviously means to be no chance at all but the true hand of fate, a cousin of his own, an old laird who invites him to Scotland. But this introduction to love is, also, premature, and John comes away from Assynt in Scotland more bemused and unsettled than ever.

At the end of this first book, and under the influence of music, which he is just beginning to understand, John knows he will go back: "Go southward now away from me, if you will," his country says to him, in the song of the dark swan of Tuonela; "but my calling will bring you back", and he knows that "daffodils and the green world" which would have been his if he could have married his young love would not have offered him enough. And, again, if this is a little too neat, a little too explicit a rounding-off to do justice to the subtlety of issues in the real world, there is something more heart-warming and stirring here than we are accustomed to receive at the hands of our novelists: Mr. Mackenzie is not afraid to give us his word, to make us a promise. If the Fate he fears, perhaps once more in the form of a world upheaval, cuts across his plan, the non-completion of the book will not be his failure. Once again he will have been forced to put aside his responsibility as a writer to take up his responsibility as a man.

DOROTHEA BRANDE COLLINS